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The Week

AS THE formal part of Mr. Hoover's great South American good-will tour comes to an end, it is inevitable that attempts should be made to reappraise its value. Has it resulted in any substantial rise in the international temperature? The flowery speeches, of course, may be discounted as meaning next to nothing; similar speeches would have accompanied the visit of some high British official to Germany in July, 1914. The crowds and demonstrations are also of little significance; any distinguished visitor to almost any country can draw a crowd, and the famous Latin politeness would account for much of the cheering. It seems clear, nevertheless, that the tour has been a useful one. The Latins have had a chance to tell the next President about their most pressing problems; throughout his administration they will feel that, if his policy is one with which they do not agree, at least it will not be the result of ignorance or indifference. It is possible, of course, that hopes will be raised too high by his visit, and that the attitude of his administration, however generous it may seem to Washington, will prove a disappointment. This, however, is a risk that must be run; and we still feel that on the whole the good-will tour was an enterprise well worth while.

THE chances now seem excellent that war between Paraguay and Bolivia will be averted, chiefly due to the activities of the Pan-American Conference on Conciliation and Arbitration. Numerous commentators have pointed out that it was only by the greatest good luck that the outbreak of hostilities coincided with the first day of this conference. If the quarrel had begun a week or two earlier, the existing machinery in this hemisphere for the prevention of hostilities would probably have been inadequate to the task. It is clear that some permanent organization for dealing with questions of this sort is necessary, unless, as seems at present most unlikely, we are to entrust such matters to the League of Nations. It would be foolish to suppose, however, that the mere creation of such machinery will make the situation substantially better than it is today. We should not forget that a decade ago, a group of the Central American countries, acting under the inspiration of the United States, set up an elaborate international court. This whole enterprise was destroyed through the action of the United States, when the court decided against us in a case growing out of the Bryan-Chamorro treaty with Nicaragua. We refused to accept the decision, and since our military strength is a hundred times as great as that of all the Central American powers combined, there was nothing for them to do but to accept our action. The court collapsed under this fatal blow to its prestige. It is by no means impossible that a similar experience might take place in regard to a Pan-American organization for the prevention of war. Everything will depend upon the willingness of the chief American powers, and most of all the United States, to accept the ruling of the board of conciliation or other authority set up to arbitrate disputed issues, not when it concides with their own desires, but when it does not.

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THE most important event in Chinese history since the capture of Peking by the Nationalists is the signing of the new tariff treaty by Great Britain, followed as it was by the British Minister's presentation of his credentials, and a formal British salute of twenty-one guns. The tariff treaty follows the lines of that which the United States signed last summer, and contains no surprises. But while the American State Department merely contented itself with issuing a declaration that the signing of the treaty constituted recognition, the British have gone further and have completed all the possible formalities. The procrastination of the United States is emphasized by the fact that a dispute is now in progress between the Nationalists and ourselves as to the salute which the Chinese are to give us as the closing of the Nanking incident. The British have once again shown that realism and flexibility in foreign policy for which they are famous. Their advantage over the United States in the eyes of China is probably both temporary and comparatively unimportant, but is nevertheless to be regretted by those jealous for the record of the United States in the Far East, and especially since our delay seems to have been so entirely without justification.

OF MUCH deeper significance, of course, is the fundamental change in British policy toward China which has been in evidence for the last year or so and is definitely signalized by the establishment of full relations with the Nanking government. In the past, Great Britain stood with Japan as the uncompromising foe of China's independence and control of her own territory. Next to the Japanese, the British have been among the most unpopular of the foreigners, and the boycott of their goods cost them many millions of pounds annually. Even within the last few weeks there had been rumors that the old Anglo-Japanese alliance might be renewed, the inference being that these two powers would support a common policy in opposition to the aspirations of the present regime in China. The recent action shows how groundless were these rumors. Great Britain has now definitely aligned herself on the side of conciliation, and great must be the gloom among the "old China hands" in Shanghai. Even Japan is no longer unwavering in her hostility. An important element in her political life believes that more is to be lost than gained by such an attitude; and if it were not for the special problems created by Manchuria, there would be a good chance of a rapprochement between the two powers.

WHAT was perhaps the most important national conference ever held, dealing with relations between Negroes and whites, has just come to a close in Washington. Most of the authorities on Negro life and welfare in all its phases were present and participated in the discussion, which had been preceded by a year's intensive study by a group of experts, financed by the Social Science Research Council. Among the national organizations which participated were the Committee on Interracial Coöperation of the South, the American Social Hygiene Association, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Society of Friends, the Federal Council of Churches, the Protestant Episcopal Church, the National Urban League, the Phelps Stokes Fund, and the National Boards of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations. Health, education, agriculture, industry, housing, recreation, crime, citizenship and race relations were among the topics which were discussed. It was emphasized that lack of recreational facilities in the South has been a factor in the great migration of recent years to the North, although, in the Northern urban centers to which the Negro goes, segregation in regard to such facilities is almost invariably practised. Housing conditions, North and South, are in general much below the white level. Contrary to the general impression, Negro health is rapidly improving, and there is no likelihood that that race will die out. A plea was made for more accurate statistical information about Negro conditions in general: it was said, for example, that there is no reliable evidence to support the contention so often made that the amount of crime is higher among Negroes than among the whites. This impression is created because the former are more frequently arrested, evidence in their behalf given by members of their own race is discounted, and judges and juries convict and sentence on less convincing evidence. The conference returned also to the familiar but none the less important fact that the Negro cannot right his own wrong while he remains politically disfranchised. It would be folly to expect too much from any conference; but of this one it can be said that for careful preparation, comprehensive scope and reality of discussion, it set a record which will not soon be surpassed.

ABOUT the first information based on anything better than a guess, as to what has happened to the millions of employees thrown out of manufacturing, railroad and mining employment by increased productiveness of industry accompanied by a lack of sufficiently increased markets, is contained in a paper read by Isador Lubin of the Institute of Economics, at the annual meeting of the American Association for Labor Legislation in Chicago. Mr. Lubin has directed the unemployment studies made during the past year by the Senate Committee on Education. As a result of interviews with seven hundred employees in three industrial communities, it was found that but 40 percent of those discharged during the twelve months preceding had obtained new jobs by September 1, 1928. Only 10 percent of those who found work got their old jobs back. One-third of those who received employment did so in industries entirely different from

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those in which they had formerly worked, while 29 percent had to take jobs which had no relationship to what they had formerly been doing. Such jobs as were found were obtained with difficulty. Almost two-thirds of the people involved were without work for three or four months, while a quarter were out of work for more than half the year. All this indicates that the shifting of employment attributable to changing processes of industry is not something that takes place automatically, without loss and suffering, but creates a serious situation which ought to be dealt with.

THE fact that Sidney Hillman, President of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, was one of the two annual recipients of the Harmon Medal for distinguished public service, indicates that a labor leader need not be indistinguishable from a narrow-minded employer in order to receive general esteem and recognition. Mr. Hillman and the union which elects him to office have never ceased their militant efforts to extirpate the non-union sections of the men's clothing industry, and have probably had more success in extending the power of the organization during the past decade than any other American union. Their interests are not narrowly confined to a single craft or labor sect; on the contrary, they have consistently aided every important endeavor of the labor movement at home, and sometimes even abroad. Though the union has had its own troubles with the left-wingers and the American Communists, Mr. Hillman does not seek publicity by cheap blasts against Russia and radicals. The organization and its officials have never been afraid to encourage bona fide attempts at political action by labor, but this has not prevented them from going further than most other unions in economic and industrial action. The Amalgamated, though a pioneer in coöperation with friendly employers, in labor banking and unemployment insurance, does not talk the language of the National Civic Federation, and remains true to the ideals of the labor movement in its broadest aspects. The union is not a sensitive plant which withers at contact with "intellectuals" and "liberals," but on the contrary welcomes their coöperation. Certain officials of the American Federation of Labor might profitably ponder on the significance of what is, in itself, such a relatively minor incident as the award of the Harmon Medal to Mr. Hillman.

THE present plight of the American Indian was considered at a meeting last week in Atlantic City, called by the Indian Rights Association. Some time ago the Institute of Government Research submitted to the Secretary of the Interior an 800-page report on Indian affairs, produced after a careful survey which lasted many months, and the Atlantic City meeting was largely for the purpose of considering the findings of this report (which were summarized and discussed in the New Republic for July 25, 1928). An interesting group of recommendations was made in an address by Lewis Meriam, the director of the survey in question. He said:

> The purpose of the Indian Service must be primarily educational, designed to aid the Indians, adults and children, in adjusting themselves to the prevailing civilization so that they may merge into that civilization or live in its presence in accordance with a minimum standard of health and decency.
>
> The educational program for each group of Indians must be specially adapted to the conditions in that jurisdiction, the Indians themselves, their attitude, their degrees of advancement, the economic resources, the attitude of the whites toward the Indians, the willingness of the state and county governments to coöperate. In the presence of wide diversity of conditions, there can be but little uniformity in concrete programs.
>
> The program must be carried out by a well trained, superior group of field employees, under the general administrative direction of the superintendent, who is primarily responsible for the execution of the program.
>
> To insure the development of a sound program, to aid and advise the superintendent in its execution, and to aid and advise the Commissioner in exercising broad general supervision over the superintendents and in determining their needs, the Indian Service must have a much larger professional and technical staff of specialists in the different fields of activity.
>
> The Indian Service as a whole must lose much of its present character as an administrative agency and take on the character of an educational institution, with a staff qualified for educational work, because the Indian problem is an educational problem. To carry out this program far larger appropriations will be required for some years to come, but in the long run making larger expenditures in a determined effort to eliminate the Indian problem as a national problem is sound national economy.

MR. MERIAM speaks with the reserve appropriate to a scientist, and the chief author of an official report. The American Indian Defense Association, Inc., is a fighting organization and is both harsher and more concrete. It says that the present situation demands:

> 1. The abolition of all arbitrary powers of the Indian Bureau over Indian property and person.
>
> 2. The extension to the Indians of the safeguards to life, liberty and property accorded under the Constitution to all citizens of the United States.
>
> 3. The continuation and fulfillment of the obligations of United States guardianship, with a full acceptance of the responsibility.
>
> 4. The establishment of machinery to enforce that responsibility by, according to the Indians:
>
> (a) The right to be consulted as to the disposition of their property with the right to veto any use of which they disapprove.
>
> (b) The right to an accounting by the Bureau or other agency representing the guardianship.
>
> (c) A right under general statutes to apply to

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the courts to restrain or require reimbursement for violations of their rights.

(d) The right to be represented in all proceedings by counsel of their own selections (subject, if it be deemed necessary, to the courts' approval of such counsel); to require the Bureau to pay or advance to such counsel, from the Indian funds, such counsel fee and expenses as the court may direct.

5. The abolition of the criminal jurisdiction of the Bureau, the enactment of a statutory code of minor offenses, and the erection of tribunals with a reviewable procedure involving all the requirements of due process of law.

6. Amendment of the allotment statutes: To bring to an end the forced sale of Indian heirship lands, to regulate the sale and lease of allotted lands, to bring the question of the competency of allotted Indians within the purview of the courts, and to insure to Indians the right to make valid wills and testaments.

7. The introduction of humane and enlightened methods in the treatment of health and educational problems, including:

(a) The immediate provision of sufficient food for the school children,

(b) The rehabilitation or reconstruction of the school buildings that they may be adequate in space and in sanitary provisions,

(c) The abolition of industrial labor by the children,

(d) The abandonment of the practice of separating the children from the parents over long periods,

(e) The provision of adequate medical and nursing service in the schools,

(f) Provisions for a curriculum adapted to the needs of the Indian children with a competent instructing staff.

Other recommendations include not only educational reforms, but a change in the administration of agricultural reclamation projects, and coördination of federal and state Indian agencies.

A Challenge to the Churches

THE first reflection in our political machinery of the great referendum on prohibition which, it was said, the recent presidential election provided, was the vote on the appropriation to enforce the Volstead Act. It must be admitted that the circumstances of this vote mirrored with unusual accuracy the popular state of mind on the subject. The Prohibition Commissioner, while estimating that it would require at least $270,000,000 to undertake a thorough-going attempt at enforcement, called for an appropriation of but $13,500,000. This smaller sum had the approval of the budget authorities, and hence of the administration. In the Senate, an amendment proposed (by a wet) to increase the appropriation to the $270,000,000 necessary was defeated by a narrow margin. It was supported by a combination of wets who wanted to startle the country by a demonstration of what a real attempt at enforcement would cost, and a few honest drys who wanted real enforcement. It was opposed by a combination of drys who were afraid that the cost of enforcing the law would arouse the country against it, and a few wets who did not want the law enforced.

This amazing exhibition of national hypocrisy, with all its implications, passed by without stirring a ripple on the surface of popular complacency. We are too accustomed to the moral inversions surrounding prohibition to pay any attention to such trivia. What if an administration which pretends to support a law refuses even to ask for the resources it knows are necessary really to attempt to impose that law on large and refractory sections of the community? The defenders of Coolidge economy and successful Republicanism would far rather countenance such double-dealing than have the party offend either the wets or the drys. And as for these two factions, neither can summon up enough moral fervor to act consistently on the basis of its own convictions. Millions who drink conspire to continue the existence of the law they discountenance because it causes them so little inconvenience. They are perfectly satisfied, both to have the law on the statute books and to omit it from life. And millions who say they believe in the benefits of prohibition are not willing to endanger the existence of the law on the statute books by making any thorough-going attempt to enforce it in life. Among these, strangely enough, are most of those who think the benefits of the law are needed chiefly by others than themselves.

At the same time the newspapers published the substance of an interview with an official of the Treasury Department concerning the legality of selling grape juice for home wine-making. This widely growing practice, he pointed out to the whole nation, is entirely legal and will not be interfered with by the federal authorities. You can buy the juice of the right sort of grape to make almost any of the standard varieties of wine, and you can easily learn how to subject it to the proper process to obtain the result you want. Of course, as this official pointed out, if an agent of the selling company comes to your cellar to supervise the process, he may be arrested; but it is extremely unlikely that he will be caught, since no federal officer can enter a private home without a search warrant. Thus the old and much indulged-in sport of home-brewing is becoming more refined and effective.

Our object in publishing these reflections at this time is not to repeat the sort of argument which most of our readers have probably heard more of than they can enjoy. It is to point out to those churchmen and others who support prohibition as a great moral issue that they have advanced (or returned) to an entirely different field of action from that to which their attention has been so intently directed for so many years. The Volstead Act appears to be secure against modification for

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some time to come, and the Eighteenth Amendment is in little danger of being repealed, as long as the politically organized wets constitute the only force seeking these ends. There is no need for further fighting on this front, on the part of the drys. On the other hand, it is equally evident that no party in power is going to commit itself to genuine enforcement. Everyone who wants a drink can get one. Contempt for the law, as law, has now become so widespread, and the sources of alcoholic beverages have become so easy of access, that it appears just as hopeless for the drys to attempt to impose abstinence through the power of the State as it does for the wets to remove the State from the picture altogether.

The Churches have won the law, but they have not won individual behavior. Their problem, in so far as they are really dry, thus becomes exactly what it was before they ever attempted to call the State to their aid. They would do well to turn now from the political field and attempt to effectuate their policy in life, by appeal to the conscience of the individual. For it has become abundantly clear that this is where the battle of temperance is finally lost or won. It is just as clear in fact as it is clear to us, in theory, that in the individual conscience the battle ought to be lost or won.

We believe that if the attention of the sincere and militant drys were to be devoted for a while to a real endeavor to convert people to abstinence, many of them would be shown the tragic futility of their attempt to enforce it by the police power. They would awaken to the fact that a general consent is necessary to give reality to any law. They would remember that the mission of the Church is not that of the policeman. And they would understand that so long as large sections of the population are habituated to look upon the Church as a combination of policeman and fanatic, it is utterly hopeless for the Church to attempt to win general and inner allegiance to any conscientious policy.

We Make a Tariff

THE Republican party was returned to office last November with what may be construed, by anyone with a passion for construing, as a mandate to overhaul the tariff. It has been six years since the last tariff bill was passed. After six years, even a sound tariff bill, supposing one were possible, might need repairs. "We pledge the next Republican Congress," said the Kansas City platform of last summer, "to an examination and, where necessary, a revision of these schedules, to the end that American labor in these industries may again command the home market." "These schedules" and "these industries" are, if previous experience means anything, those schedules and industries on behalf of which the heaviest pressure is brought to bear. Or, as Chairman Willis C. Hawley of the House Ways and Means Committee has put it: "Common sense will govern the drafting of the proposed tariff revision bill. We will want to give business what protection business needs. The rates will be just what the facts to be deduced from the testimony to be presented at the hearings warrant. Our aim will be to provide the rates that will adjust the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad, so as to give the American manufacturer, farmer and laborer at least an equal opportunity in the American market." In another statement Mr. Hawley added: "We shall go over each schedule with great care and make changes in rates upward or downward as the evidence points that way."

We need not quarrel with the perfectly evident fact that the word "downward" on Mr. Hawley's lips has an exclusively rhetorical significance. Some rates on raw and partially manufactured goods may be reduced. Mr. Coolidge, as everyone knows, has availed himself of the powers vested in him by Section 315 of the tariff act of 1922 to reduce the duties on the millfeed, bobwhite quail, paint brush handles, cresylic acid and phenol. The same tender solicitude for the consumer's interest may actuate the next Congress. But on the whole the millions who rushed to the polls to vote for Mr. Hoover may rest assured that their ballots were not cast in vain. They will undoubtedly have the privilege of paying rather more for their imported commodities than they would have been allowed to pay had Governor Smith triumphed. This is democracy. We bow to it. The Republican party can no longer be considered the exclusive proprietor of the policy of protection. Governor Smith declared in his speech at Louisville that "no revision of any specific schedule will have the approval of the Democratic party which in any way interferes with the American standard of living and level of wages." But the Republican party adopted protection before the Democratic party did, and taken by and large is more enthusiastic about it. No voter is entitled to any delusions on that subject and no Republican voter, whether in Texas or in Vermont, is entitled to indulge in any reproachful ululations if the general average of the rates goes up. Nor need Mr. Hawley or his friend Senator Smoot, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, blush.

That is to say, they need not blush for the reasons suggested. The weakness in their position lies not in any lack of approval of the protective policy behind the bill they are preparing to make, but in the methods by which they are preparing to make that bill. No one who knows anything about Congress will believe for a moment the fantastic assertion that "common sense will govern the drafting of the proposed tariff revision bill." Common sense has never governed the drafting of any American tariff bill. It is equally absurd to maintain that "the rates will be just what the facts to be deduced from

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the testimony to be presented at the hearings warrant." Unless a miracle occurs between now and next summer the rates in the Hawley-Smoot bill will be arrived at exactly as rates have been arrived at in other recent tariff bills, that is, as a result of back-stage bargaining made possible—and even essential—by the disuse of any machinery for carrying out a tariff policy in a scientific fashion. Tariff bills are what they are, not because any one person is ever satisfied with any one of them but because individuals and groups are satisfied with the items which most directly concern their own interests. They are the expression of the dominant business forces of the country and of the party which represents those forces, yet they are as bungling, as inefficient and as uneconomical as legislation could well be.

The forthcoming tariff bill will be true to pattern. It will have its beginnings in hearings of the House Ways and Means Committee, scheduled to begin at the end of the first week in January and to terminate at the end of February. These hearings will be controlled by the fifteen Republican members of the main committee, organized into sub-committees of three members each. The witnesses before the committee and its sub-divisions will be principally voluntary and principally parties in interest. The consumer may have his hearing, yet it seems to be accepted as the logic of the situation that it is not the consumer but the manufacturer, worker and farmer who is being protected, and who is entitled to consideration. If a scientific point of view is represented at all it will be by the Tariff Commission, whose chairman, Mr. Thomas O. Marvin, was a lobbyist on the salary roll of a Boston protectionist organization before his appointment. The idea behind the present Commission goes at least as far back as 1865. There was a revenue commission in that year, a temporary tariff commission in 1882 and a tariff board between 1909 and 1912. The present Commission has been in existence since 1916 and has been operating under the so-called flexible provision since 1922. It has accumulated vast stores of material, with which certainly not a dozen members of Congress have gained or will gain any familiarity. What the average committee member does understand is pressure. This pressure cannot be applied by the Tariff Commission, under the very terms of its existence. If the Commission has a bias it will be protectionist. And the act will take shape under the influence of men and interests who know what they want and how to get it.

The new tariff bill will be prepared at the close of the hearings and after the final adjournment of the present Congress. It will be presented, if the contemplated schedule goes through, at a special session of the new Congress which people in Washington are inclined to think will be called soon after Mr. Hoover's inauguration. No Democratic member of the House Ways and Means committee will have a finger in making it, or will so much as know what is in it until it is ready to be voted upon. Nor, under the House rules, will any Democratic member or any nonconformist Republican member be given an opportunity to question seriously any of its schedules. Few will even attempt to understand it. A week or ten days will see it through the House. In the Senate a somewhat less Prussian program will be followed, if only because Senators are proud creatures and object to being dragooned. The Senate floor and committee rooms will hear much oratory and fervent discussion. But the measure finally adopted, which may differ radically from the original House measure, will be shaped as a result of negotiations between opposing interests. Rates will be forced up or down, not by "common sense" or by "facts deduced from testimony," but by log-rolling and back-scratching. Nothing in the Republican platform, the utterances of Republican spokesmen, from Mr. Hoover down, or the Republican record promises anything else, once the meaning is dug out of the superfluous verbiage.

We do not suggest a panacea, unless it is to be found in a tariff commission headed by scholars instead of lobbyists. We do suggest that here is an economic problem of large dimensions to which our former Secretary of Commerce might well give some attention after the fourth day of next March. We should like to see what a first-class engineering mind might do to our rickety and obsolete tariff-making machinery.

War Guilt: A Possible Solution

WITHIN the last month two important contributions to the war-guilt controversy have been made, one by Viscount Grey of Fallodon, British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs between 1905 and 1916, and the other by an American historian, Professor Sidney B. Fay of Smith College. In a special introduction to the new edition of his memoirs, "Twenty-five Years, 1892-1916," Lord Grey boldly states that Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles, which has been interpreted as holding Germany solely responsible for causing the World War, is "useless," and that "it is of no moral effect to make individuals or nations sign confessions of guilt by force." The effect of the Versailles article "has moreover been positively mischievous." It has worked upon German feeling so "as to hinder impartial and dispassionate examination in Germany of war guilt" and the true causes of the War; it has led to fervid protestations that Germany alone was innocent; that the Allies alone were guilty.

In reaching a conclusion, Lord Grey becomes more timid. He does not feel that Article 231 should be cancelled; any such action would be seized by the Germans as a vindication of their contention of innocence and an admission of Allied guilt.

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Nevertheless, if a blunder cannot be undone, "it may be well to say that it had better not have been done; the mere statement of such an opinion about it may do something to moderate its consequences."

This statement by an Allied statesman intimately connected with the outbreak of the World War is perhaps the most significant thus far made upon the subject of war guilt. Yet it is difficult to see what good will come out of an admission by the Allied governments that the insertion of Article 231 was a mistake, if that admission is coupled with a refusal to do anything about it.

Writing with the freedom of a scholar, Professor Sidney Fay, in "The Origins of the World War," just published in two volumes by Macmillan, is more sweeping. Exploring the sources more thoroughly than any other scholar, whether in America or abroad, Professor Fay has approached his subject with a desire to find the truth rather than to prove a contention. His conclusions are therefore significant. He declares, "One must abandon the dictum of the Versailles Treaty that Germany and her Allies were solely responsible. It was a dictum exacted by victors from vanquished, under the influence of the blindness, ignorance, hatred, and the propagandist misconceptions to which war had given rise. It was based on evidence which was incomplete and not always sound." Scholars in all countries "are agreed that the responsibility for the War is a divided responsibility." He goes even further and says, "Germany did not plot a European War, did not want one, and made genuine, though too belated efforts, to avert one. She was the victim of her alliance with Austria and of her own folly. . . . The verdict of the Versailles Treaty that Germany and her allies were responsible for the War, in view of the evidence now available, is historically unsound. It should therefore be revised."

This issue of war responsibility is of much more than academic importance; it has entered the arena of international politics. The German peace delegation at Versailles in 1919 indignantly denied that the German people "were alone guilty" of provoking the War. The German Reichstag agreed to accept the Dawes Plan in 1924 only on condition that the government condemn Article 231. This was done by Chancellor Marx when he declared that this Article was imposed on Germany "under the pressure of overwhelming force" and that the statement contained in the Article was "contrary to historical fact." He said that "so long as a member of the community of nations is branded as a criminal to humanity, a real understanding and reconciliation between the peoples is impossible of realization." In a famous speech at Tannenberg in September, 1927, President von Hindenburg "repudiated" the accusation that Germany was responsible for the War.

Granting that Germany was not solely responsible for causing the World War, is the elimination of this troublesome Article from the peace treaty either desirable or practicable? One cannot imagine that the British and French governments, not to mention the other signatories to the Treaty of Versailles, would formally agree at present to the deletion of the Article, when such action would be interpreted as a confession of German innocence. Yet the admission that Germany is not solely responsible would not mean she was guiltless. Neither would it mean that she should be relieved of all reparation responsibility, though it would suggest the desirability of scaling down the total sum to be paid: if moral responsibility were joint, financial responsibility for restitution should in justice be joint as well.

An ingenious solution of this dilemma is proposed by Raymond Leslie Buell, Research Director of the Foreign Policy Association, in the recent book, "Europe: A History of Ten Years" (Macmillan). Mr. Buell suggests that the famous Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles is capable of another interpretation than the one commonly given it. Article 231 says: "... Germany accepts the responsibility of Germany and her Allies for causing all the loss and damage to which the Allied and Associated governments and their nationals have been subjected as a consequence of the War imposed upon them by the aggression of Germany and her Allies." This Article, he argues, merely holds Germany responsible for causing the *damage* to the Allies as a *consequence* of the War caused by German aggression. It does not impose sole responsibility upon Germany for causing the War. In the sense that Germany was first to declare war and to take the initiative in crossing the Belgian frontier, she was the aggressor. Nevertheless, this is very different from being solely responsible for the War, as the origins of the Franco-German War of 1870 and the Spanish-American War of 1898 show. If the Allied governments should make a formal declaration interpreting Article 231 in the light of its wording instead of the meaning which has been read into it, the international tension created by this perennial discussion of war guilt might be relieved.

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Behaviorist: L'Enfant Terrible

EVEN WHEN one addresses such a cool, judicious group as the readers of this journal, there are inherent difficulties in the way of fair comment on Watsonian Behaviorism. If one were willing to call Dr. John B. Watson the great emancipator of modern psychology or something equally thrilling, the effect might be convincing. If one were willing to point to Watson as to an intellect gone utterly astray, there might be still better hope for gaining sympathy. But if one is as honest as was that critic who characterized Behaviorism as "an interesting blend of solid contribution and adolescent exaggeration," the chance of arousing a cheer for this balanced position is slight.

From the publication of Watson's pronunciamento on Behaviorism in 1913 until some ten years later, the professional journals of psychology were filled with bombardments and counterbombardments of damnations and laudations. For a number of years past, the firing on this sector has been unimportant. Between this Christmas and the New Year, several hundred psychologists will be attending meetings at Columbia. When you are sure that you have located a group of these queer fellows, step boldly before them, clench your fists, gnash your teeth, thrust out your chest and say: "Down with the mind—I am a Behaviorist!" You will arouse neither hiss nor huzza. So far as the run of psychologists is concerned, the behavioristic controversy is an interesting bit of history which, like all other tempestuous experiences, has left its mark. Some, like the Gestaltists, whose doctrine thrives on an easy foe, assume that the simple pro or con of Watsonian Behaviorism is a live and urgent issue. But it is history for most of them—though in psychology, as elsewhere, there is always someone to announce that he is Julius Cæsar.

If all this be true—if the controversy about Behaviorism has already been fairly well threshed out in scientific circles—it may seem that a straightforward evaluation of Dr. Watson and his creed should furnish no great problem. But it should be noted that Dr. Watson has maneuvered himself into the sympathies of an intellectually ambitious section of the public in a very adroit manner. Amateur students of all subjects possessing a degree of technicality are usually an unhappy lot at heart. They love the long words and the stories of crucial theories and experiments, but they too often know that the business is beyond them—that what they really need is not more stimulation, but more education. One can tell such folk to be content with the simpler and to them more useful phases of the epistemology or electricity or psychology that holds them fascinated. As a matter of fact, that is a sound piece of human service, especially if the advice is coupled with real help in picking out the untechnical elements from a complex domain. This is the poorest way to win vociferous advocacy, however, and it is not at all the Watsonian mode of appeal. In effect, Watson does something like this: he asks the poor, struggling intellectual whether he has been able to understand what the psychologist means by such terms as *consciousness* and *introspection*. When the inevitable admission is made, or when Watson assumes that it is made, his clever move occurs. He says that he is in the dark on these matters himself, and so he supposes that nobody understands them or ever has or ever will understand them. The result is almost certain. Here is something that we thought we were stupid about. Why, even Dr. Watson cannot understand what it is all about. In that case it must be all nonsense, just as he says. The adherents won by such a method are sure to be loyal. Their motives touch so vitally the very heart of their egos. But they are not quite as bright as the student who observed: "Yes, we all know the prof who answers, 'I don't know—I suppose no one knows.'"

Once the good Doctor has achieved a supporter who could not part from him without disappointment, he has a permanent supporter. A Watsonian says to a plain everyday psychologist: "Introspection, consciousness, mind, images are all nonsense. Dr. Watson doesn't know what they mean and I'm sure I don't and I'll bet you can't make me understand them." Isn't that a difficult position to be in? And it is largely because it is so difficult that the psychologist is usually content to let whoever will have his fling as a convert to Behaviorism. It should be clear, though, that while the psychologist's position is difficult, this fact is not at all an indication that his position is in error, and that Watson, who has created the difficulty, is right. There is the bare possibility that the conception of consciousness, or awareness, is really a difficult notion. There is a very real sense in which it can be said that the physicist of today does not know exactly what matter is, or what energy is, or what is the exact difference between them. But having been led to difficult problems by these conceptions, he has not thrown them overboard. If you know enough, he will undertake to explain the complexities of these fundamental notions and how they have evolved and changed with the growing science. But he will not feel uneasy if they seem a hopeless muddle to persons who have made no serious effort to understand them.

But now that we have granted the strategic

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strength of Watson's position, let us proceed to the dangerous business. And let us begin in the major key.

In the very early years of the century a new and exceptionally promising territory was opened to experimental investigation—the field of animal psychology. Soon after E. L. Thorndike had carried out his pioneer studies, Watson got into the business. And, like other intellectual workers at the University of Chicago of those days, he proceeded to make things hum. His studies of sensory control processes in the white rat lifted the whole subject of animal experimentation to a new critical and technical level. Later, his field observations of terns were model scientific achievements. Recognition of this brilliant experimenter was very prompt.

Still, there was a fly in the ointment. At that time, despite the early moves in another direction by such men as J. McKeen Cattell, the so-called introspective methods and the problems and concepts most intimately related to introspection were definitely dominant. To a large number of men real psychologizing meant introspecting. The average person who once upon a time studied psychology will have a vague memory that introspection is a kind of self-observation. While it is really both more and less than that, we can quickly make clear what it amounted to in its bearing upon the early animal experimentation. If all facts are psychological only in so far as they can be described as though obtained introspectively, then animal psychology must do nothing but translate animal movements into animal consciousness. The central problem in studying the duck was to describe how the world would seem to a psychologist if he were a duck. The other alternative was to describe simply what the duck was observed to do. The latter was clearly the more direct and sensible procedure. But the introspectors were, in the early days of Watson's career, a tyrannical majority. They felt that the construction of animal consciousness out of animal behavior was a logically hazardous undertaking, and they took great pains to look solemn about it. They realized the attractiveness of describing the behavior that was actually observed in the terms most appropriate to the data, but they had something up their sleeves to play against the young upstarts. "Of course you can describe animal behavior—*but,* if you do, you won't be a psychologist any longer." Just see what a predicament Watson and the other students of animal behavior were in! They were informed that it would be logically precarious to make animal minds out of animal behavior, and in the next breath they were told that if they took the only sensible alternative, they would lose their union cards.

In those early days Dr. Watson was working much and saying little about his plans for the future of psychology. Perhaps his first idea was to show no emotion, but simply to pour into the ranks of the trumpeting enemy the persuasive bullets of experimental attainment. We now have every reason to believe that animal psychology could have won an easy victory and perhaps just as prompt a one in that way. But, whatever were his earlier plans, Watson, between 1903 and 1913, developed a little heat under his collar. At last he could stand it no longer. Remember those vivid words in which Ring Lardner (was it not?) described that opening round of the Dempsey-Willard affair. "The gong sounded and Dempsey hit Willard with all ten hands at once." Something like that might have been written when Watson began on the psychology of his day.

Two results became distinct as Watson commenced to swing. In the first place, it became clear that animal psychology had shifted from a defensive to an offensive position. In the second place, the attacks of this belligerent indicated that many of the recent carryings-on of the cocksure introspectors were not so unassailable as had been thought. For Watson, once he cut loose, did not stop long to defend the direct description of behavior as a worthy psychological enterprise. He made straightway for his opponents' weak spots. And as is frequently true with other human beings, the introspectors had spots that really were weak. Outstanding among these was a tendency to a kind of stubbornness that the introspective method had favored. The results obtained by introspectors brought up by one authority had a way of differing from those obtained in other psychological environments. This sort of thing had happened before, has happened since, and is happening now in connection with a wide range of phenomena the observation of which resists statistical tabulation or objective recording. Microscopic workers can cite plenty of instances. But the introspective method undoubtedly was one of the most favorable grounds for disagreements of this type. Scientific quarrels that arise in such a setting usually subside with time, and usually with time the truth of the matter stands out. Often the issues could be settled with less waste of effort and printer's ink, if only the investigators would examine a few assumptions and define a few terms. While the quarrels are going on they present excellent targets for ridicule. Now Watson picked out several of the controversies then raging on introspective issues and of them he made very effective fun. Although one cannot always point out the real causes of turns in the scientific mind, there can be little doubt that Watson's criticisms took hold. If they did not make the original quarrelers mend their ways, they certainly made it less easy to lure the coming generation of psychological investigators into the old squabbles.

While no postcard vote is available, one will not go far wrong in saying that the rank and file of psychologists would today credit Watson with having been involved in an important way in getting animal psychology out of a defensive position and with having effectively taunted the introspectors to put their own house in order. At the present mo-

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ment there is no great excitement about keeping behavioristic data free from any relationship to a concept of mind. Indeed, the tendency seems to be toward a little more freedom in that regard, now that subjectivity and objectivity have been getting more acute philosophical interpretation. The kind of authoritarianism that once made for such dissension in regard to introspective issues has become increasingly unimportant as introspectors have better defined their terms, and as they have seen the necessity for applying statistical procedures to as many as possible of these invariably variable psychological reactions. It is true, there are still some terrible things going on in the name of introspection, backed by a philosophical creed of pure description, but they are out of the current in this country. Psychologists, in the main, seem to feel that the war of Behaviorism is over and that Watson's part was a useful one.

So far, we have not touched upon those matters with which the Latter-day Behaviorists of Manhattan Island associate the name of their colorful leader. What about Dr. Watson and the babies? Here it is only fair to chalk up another plus sign for the bold, bad man of psychology. He went at the little human animal with an empiricism lovely to contemplate. He had got this empiricism watching white rats and monkeys and terns, and it furnished a background seldom before brought to the nursery. And armed against most superstitions by this peculiar early experience, Dr. Watson discovered that the human organism, when it enters the world, is even more chaotic than had previously been supposed. Now everybody is observing babies. Not that such observation is new. *Homo sapiens* has had recurring desires to understand his young. But the spirit of the latest period is decidedly new. Hitherto we studied a young human creature as though he were a young human creature. Now we try to forget that he is anything but another specimen.

How one places Watson's work as a child psychologist beside his work as animal psychologist depends upon one's point of view. The animal work had a thoroughness that the work with children has lacked. Already it appears that the more specific Watsonian observations of infants are to be taken with salt and repetition, and that those observations were not quite so detached as had been supposed. Nevertheless, the fact remains that Watson opened a path in a vastly important field, and he is doing a great service in telling the world about this field while he is telling it other things of less consequence.

Thus far we have spoken in terms of the large areas within which Dr. Watson has seen useful service. His name has also become associated with certain philosophical and scientific theories. Best known, perhaps, is the theory that when an individual thinks, he is simply talking to himself. Many people believe that their thought activities are composed of images as well as of silent movements of the vocal mechanisms, but Watson has never seemed able to understand what facts are meant by "images," and so he has doubted their importance, if not their existence. The famous observations of Francis Galton to the effect that the types of activity involved in thinking about the same subject-matter differ a good deal from individual to individual are now thoroughly established. There is a strong suspicion among many of Watson's colleagues that he, Watson, must be fairly free from thought processes of the highly concrete type known as images. Such freedom from imagery is a common occurrence with adults who have achieved considerable mastery over language. If this be the case with Watson, it is easy to understand why he is so impatient when images are mentioned. Presumably these interesting phenomena left his life about the same time that Santa Claus stopped filling his stocking, and, under such circumstances, it would be natural for him to be as skeptical of them as he is of the jolly saint.

Recently Dr. Watson has modified his theory of thought so that it is no longer simply a "wind-pipe" theory, as one commentator has dubbed it. This modification was required by the disconcerting fact that profound injuries to the speech mechanisms in the throat are not associated with disturbances of the capacity to think. Watson has avoided this difficulty by assuming that other bodily movements, such as shrugging the shoulders, may take on the significance of speaking a word or phrase. It might be said, then, that in this latest phase we have the "every-little-movement" theory. While our picture of the physiology of thinking would be happily simplified if this movement theory were established, its present position is not encouraging. The victim of a simultaneous sore throat and a stiff neck would surely be able to think "Yes" and "No" as vividly as ever. On the other hand, the hospitals, now as always, contain patient after patient in whom thought processes have become definitely disordered as a result of brain injury or disease. This does not contradict the belief that all brain activity finds its ultimate outlet in some change in muscular or glandular activity. Yet it may well mean that those physiological happenings most crucial for thought take place in the brain, and that the muscular reverberations of such activity, while perhaps always present, may be individually of little consequence in determining the course of thought and its content. The least that can be said is that Watson's theory of thought, even in its present form, goes far beyond the factual evidence, and that the evidence available is more against the theory than for it.

Long before Dr. Watson's time there was general acknowledgment of an intimate relationship between the acquisition of language, both by the individual and by the race, and intellectual development. We should have been slow in arriving at an idea of nothing if the word and symbol for zero had not been invented. But this movement should

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not be confused with the Watsonian theory; it was largely free from those very physiological assumptions which, to Watson, are most essential.

The tribute owed Dr. Watson on account of his theory of thought is not large. In some quarters it has aroused enthusiasm, but so far it is yet another Battle of Blenheim. The scattered experiments that it has instigated have proved almost exactly nothing at all.

Space forbids review of all of Dr. Watson's other adventures in theory. He believed that he could reduce habit formation largely to the factor of frequency of repetition. This theory was so promptly and so thoroughly demolished by both logical and experimental attack that Watson seldom talks about it nowadays. He took over from Pavlov and his school the theory that the complex behavior of the mature animal is a result of rearranging the unorganized reflexes present at the beginning of life. He advocated the wider use in human psychology of Pavlov's experimental procedures. This last endeavor sounds reasonable, and may yet have some important results, though there is not the slightest sign that the Pavlovian technique, developed for the study of the modification of a simple reflex in the dog, will do more than supplement the existing methods for studying human habit-formation.

There are many for whom Watson is much more than a psychologist. He is a philosopher who teaches that the natural world has the simplicity of the science of mechanics, and that there are no ghosts. Describing that innocent frame of mind of science prior to 1850, William James said: "The anatomy of the world is logical, and its logic is that of a university professor. . ." It is this logic that Watson is so sure about. Oh, perhaps he has altered it a little—perhaps he has swung it a bit toward the logic of the big business man—but the old happy simplicity remains. And all of the things that do not fit into the system are ghosts. When you see one, you are to chase it away with loud cries, and then you are to deny that there was anything to chase.

EDWARD S. ROBINSON.

How to Get Out of the Stock Market

DEAR FISK: I am profoundly impressed by your amazing success as a pool manager in Wall Street. Your career proves that New York still is a place of opportunity for one who will devote his talents to the service of his fellow men. That you, in less than fifteen years, could become the associate of the eminent speculators you name, and that you could reach such a degree of intimacy with the managers of the most powerful stock-market pools as well as with the dominant bankers of America, should be an inspiration to every young college bond-salesman.

The problem of your pool, as I understand it, as well as that of the other great pools and individual speculators with which you act in harmony, is to sell out at the top. So far, the bulk of the billion or more of profits to the credit of your friends and yourself is in stocks which have doubled in price in 1928 and which have been advanced from four to thirty times their prices seven years ago. It is amusing to think how conservative you were in 1921 when, after your modest killing on the short side, you started the accumulation of a few choice industrial and railroad securities that had declined unduly during the after-war deflation. Your careful preparation in each case was a model of foresight and patience. You located all the stock of each issue, obtained the coöperation of the active officers, kept good news out of the papers until you had accumulated all the floating supply, depressed the price occasionally by the shrewdest raids, created a superb publicity staff, and then bid the stocks up and up while the brokers' offices were filled with news of earnings, prophecies of increased dividends, optimistic interviews, rumors of mergers and tips of extraordinary movements. You made the ticker tell your story with never a whisper of wash sales. Besides, everyone knows that wash sales are forbidden.

You have done so many clever things. What could have been more admirable than to have published a letter from the President of the United States to the President of the Universal Ashcart Corporation congratulating the company on its success in bringing the blessings of American civilization to the Far East, on the very morning you started to squeeze the Ashcart shorts? How beautifully you squeezed them! There was none of the old-time crudeness when the bears were beaten into a corner, denied all stock for borrowing or purchase and compelled to settle out of hand for all they had or for all the bulls could get. There was never a day when you did not have stock to lend at only a moderate premium, and you always permitted a tenth of the short sales to be covered in any one day at a maximum advance of 20 percent. You and your colleagues have shown that a corner is unsportsmanlike and unnecessary. You have played the game, no stock has been removed from the trading list, and you are still honored men in every trading circle.

It was sheer genius, no less, that led you and the pools associated with you to decide four years ago that, so long as the supply of credit was un-

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limited, no stock need have any top, provided you maintained control of the floating supply. Of course, you have distributed some of your shares in connection with stock split-ups, but this has been skillfully handled so that the floating supply has been decreased rather than the contrary. You have taught the whole country that stocks always go up, and that no one ever sells except to enable the purchaser to profit. You have advanced many popular securities from 400 to 1,500 percent. A few, to show what you really can do, you have put up from 3,000 to 15,000 percent. You have literally multiplied some of your dollars a hundred-fold. Now you wonder if the end may not be around the corner.

Business is still good, but building contracts have fallen off sharply. Brokers' loans have increased 50 percent in a year, although total loans and discounts of all members of the Federal Reserve System have increased only 5 percent. Brokers' loans are about six times the total discounts of all the Federal Reserve Banks. Credit used in financing security transactions through New York Stock Exchange members alone is more than one-third the aggregate loans and discounts of all members of the Reserve system. That does not include all the credit that is devoted to speculation in stocks and bonds. The monthly increase in brokers' loans during several recent months has been greater than the total loans and discounts of all member banks in any one of half of the Federal Reserve districts. One of your colleagues estimates the total brokers' loans as amounting to $15,000,000,000, or 30 percent of the aggregate banking resources of the country. A new administration takes office March 4, which may be less at the command of the *capeadores* of Wall Street. The public has been buying stocks at levels so high as to promise only disappointment. For the past six months the current rate for money has been about twice the yield on the most active stocks. Any misfortune which might compel one large pool to unload hurriedly might cause brokerage failures and turn loose an avalanche of liquidation.

It is obvious that the old methods of distribution by selling to the bears and to bargain hunters on declines are inadequate. Your advances have been too perpendicular and too precipitate. The time necessary to effect a series of split-ups makes that scheme impracticable in most instances. The present high price per unit puts most of your favorites out of reach of the susceptible. You must find something new. As Lowell said: "Time makes ancient good uncouth."

I think the investment trust is the device that will save you. Ten years ago investment trusts were unknown in the United States. Now, no investment bank is complete without one. They have all been successful. So far as the public knows, the investment trusts could advertise collectively: "Never a dollar lost to an investor during our entire business existence." There is something inherently appealing about an investment trust. A man has only $1,000 to invest. He hates to take 4 percent and safety, and he does not quite dare to risk his all in a 7 percent security. On the other hand, if he can bring together nine other persons who each have $1,000, and the resulting $10,000 is invested by an expert in various 7 percent securities, it is very unlikely that the losses will equal the additional income. Moreover, it is unnecessary for the organizers to put up more than $2,000 of a $10,000 investment trust. They can borrow at least $6,000 at 5 percent and issue $2,000 in 6 percent preferred stock. Annual income will be $700. Interest and dividends on the preferred will cost them $420. Out of the balance, $280, they can take $80 for expenses and reserves and still pay 10 percent dividends. While it is illegal in most states to solicit participation in a blind pool, there is nothing to prevent an investment trust from buying and selling, and unless its charter forbids, there is nothing to prevent its doing its buying and selling on margin.

I suggest that you and the chief existing pools organize several investment trusts with capitalizations ranging from $20,000,000 to $200,000,000. To these investment trusts you can transfer all your holdings at market prices. Since you control the market, the price will be what you think best. I have no doubt that, like Clive in India, you will later be surprised at your own moderation. You can probably borrow half your capital at 4.5 or 5 percent. Your bankers will help float these bonds. You can make it worth their while, and anyway they will not discourage anything that will tend to safeguard loans they have made on stock-exchange collateral at present levels. Three-fifths of your capital can be in 5.5 or 6 percent preferred with a bonus of common. Divide the common into two parts, Class A, non-voting, for the public, Class B, a small amount of voting stock, for yourselves. Sell the preferred and Class A in small blocks as widely scattered as possible. Perhaps you can sell some of it on the instalment plan and make it non-transferable for five years. You can with entire truthfulness emphasize the large stake these trusts will have in the industries of the country. In ten years many of your stocks may be paying fair dividends on their present prices.

The plan I have outlined will automatically remove much of the stock overhanging the market. It will be comparatively easy to take care of other selling. If a depression should come, you will have your profit in cash for further speculation in securities, for the purchase of real estate or for the acquisition of foreign industries. You will still control all the stocks you have sold, with all that that implies. You will be back in the position of directors of the life insurance companies before the Hughes investigation.

Good luck and God bless you.

JOHN HANNA.

Mr. Fisk Q. Saye.

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Washington Notes

ONE of the interesting things about the fight over the Kellogg peace treaty, which may be ended by the time this article appears in print, is the almost complete absence of heat on both sides. The rage among its opponents is staged rage. Their apprehensions are assumed, and there is a large flavor of fakiness about their fight. With most of them the game is obviously to jam up the treaty ratifications so as to insure the passage of the fifteen-cruiser bill. The idea is "to help Fred Hale," which is friendly and pleasant but not very high-minded or sincere. It is none the less perfectly in keeping with the present level of the Senate and, in fact, more creditable than some of the motives that have inspired these present-day Senatorial Statesmen in the past. On the other side, the lukewarmness of the treaty advocates is too apparent to be overlooked. No one flames for it. A good many laugh at it.

Aside from the almost complete fruitlessness of this short session of Congress, which is normal enough, its dullness continues to be its most striking characteristic. Usually in the short session that follows a presidential election the proceedings are enlivened by Senate and House clashes concerning the campaign. This time there has been an almost complete absence of reference to the election in either House or Senate. It almost seems as if there had been an agreement not to mention it, which is, of course, not true. Nevertheless, the effect is the same, and the reason, I think, is not hard to understand. It is quite clear that no reference could be made to the recent struggle without touching upon religion. Both sides are anxious to avoid that subject. No Republican can gloat over the Hoover election without exposing himself to the charge that it was contributed to by the Ku Klux Klan and that at least one of the principal Hoover managers actively encouraged the attack on Smith as a Catholic and personally circulated the worst type of anti-Catholic literature.

On the other side, the Democrats cannot very well taunt the Republicans with this sort of thing without opening up the raw wounds in their own party and giving new life to an issue they are extremely anxious to bury before the state campaigns approach. There has been some surprise that the blatant Mr. Heflin has not burst forth into a torrent of gleeful "I told you so's" in the Senate. The explanation given in his case is the very simple one that he comes up for renomination in Alabama in 1930 and does not want to enhance the violence of the primary fight which certainly will be made on him. It will be bad enough anyway, and Tom is in a conciliatory mood. His fires are banked.

I have heard nothing recently of the neat little idea of Mr. J. J. Raskob to call a meeting of the Democratic National Committee right after the first of the year to consider ways and means for the "rehabilitation" of the party and the laying of plans for continuous "activity" of the Committee between campaigns. To say that these suggestions from Chairman Raskob have not met with enthusiastic response is to understate the case. They have met with exactly no response at all. The inspiring words about the future of the Democracy uttered from time to time by Governor-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt, and the letters he has written here, there and around concerning conferences and "exchange of views" have likewise failed to stir the downcast hearts of Democrats in this neighborhood.

What the Democratic leaders want Mr. Raskob to do is to make up that million and a half deficit and let them alone. Any idea of helping Mr. Raskob about this is entirely foreign to the inclination and ideas of all the Democrats with whom I have talked. Their idea is that the last campaign was strictly Mr. Raskob's party and that it is up to him and the small band of wealthy friends who, with him, formed the tight little ring that ran the campaign from the General Motors Building, to foot the bills. They see no sense in calling the National Committee together. Nor do they see any objection to Mr. Raskob's holding on until the next campaign. In fact, they think he has got to hold on and make up the deficit. As to Mr. Roosevelt, a Democratic Senator pointed out the other day that the time for him to call a national conference is after the New York election in 1930. If he is renominated and reëlected he will then unquestionably be the outstanding Democrat in the party and its indicated 1932 presidential candidate. There would then be timeliness and interest in a Democratic conference. If, on the other hand, Mr. Roosevelt fails to be reëlected two years hence, he will be on the political scrap-heap and in no position to call conferences.

Of cabinet gossip in the past week there has been a marked decrease, chiefly due to the obvious fact that there is not a soul in Washington with so much as an inkling of what is in Herbert's mind on this or any subject. So far as I have been able to discover, there are not more than three persons in Washington who are in communication with Mr. Hoover. One is the Hon. Donovan, a second is the Hon. Moses and the third the Hon. Mills. The only one I am sure about is the Hon. Donovan. He, I know, is in touch with the ship. The other two are just supposed to be, and the supposition does them no harm. At any rate, I am told that all three use a "code" and that their daily duty is to keep the great man "posted." What they keep him "posted" about baffles me. The only thing I can think of since Herbert has been out of the country in which he would be really interested is the sweet prospect—now almost a certainty—of his inheriting from the Coolidge-Mellon administration an embarrassing little deficit of approximately $20,000,000, created by a series of unintelligent blunders in the Treasury Department. There is a little item of news which would, I think, interest—and annoy—him. I am willing to bet both Bill and George strained their "codes," and themselves, sending that. I am also willing to bet that Ogden couldn't find a single word in his "code," if he has one, to deal with the subject at all, that he concluded not to bother the "Chief" with such trivial matters, and sent, that day, some such message as this—"Hope you are enjoying trip stop everything splendid here stop take care of yourself stop love stop O. L. M."

T. R. B.

Washington.

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Angels and Earthly Creatures

"But because *Angels* could not propagate, nor make more *Angels*, he enlarged his love, in making *man*, that so he might enjoy all natures at once, and have the nature of *Angels*, and the nature of earthly *Creatures*, in one Person."—JOHN DONNE.

Although these words are false, none shall prevail
To prove them in translation less than true
Or overthrow their dignity, or undo
The faith implicit in a fabulous tale;
The ashes of this error shall exhale
Essential verity, and two by two
Lovers devout and loyal shall renew
The legend, and refuse to let it fail.

Even the betrayer and the fond deceived,
Having put off the body of this death,
Shall testify ith one remaining breath,
From sepulchers demand to be believed:
These words are true, although at intervals
The unfaithful clay contrive to make them false.

I

Now shall the long homesickness have an end
Upon your heart, which is a part of all
The past no human creatures may recall
Save you, who are persuasive to unbend
The brows of death, and name him for a friend:
This ecstasy is supernatural;
I have survived to see the heavens fall
Into my hands, which on your hands depend.

Time has prepared us an enduring bed
Within the earth of this beloved land;
And, lying side by side and hand in hand,
We sleep coeval with the happy dead
Who are ourselves, a little earlier bound
To one another's bosom in the ground.

II

What other name had half expressed the whole
Of that incomparable and touching grace
Which spells the shape of danger in your face?
It is the very pattern of your soul;
The eagle's home, above the moon's control,
Above the seas, the high precipitate place;
The stairway cut from planetary space;
The crystal steps which climb a steeper goal.

The shadow of its light is only this:
That all your beauty is the work of wars
Between the upper and the nether stars;
Its symmetry is perfect and severe
Because the barbarous force of agonies
Broke it, and mended it, and made it clear.

III

"Children and dogs are subject to my power,"
You said, and smiled, and I beside you smiled,
Perceiving my unwisdom of a child,
My courage of a wolf new-taught to cower:
Upon the grass, beneath the falling flower,
I saw my spirit silent and beguiled
Standing at gaze; a brute no longer wild;
An infant wearied by the difficult hour.

And am I not your child who has come home?
And am I not your hound for faithfulness?
Put forth your hand, put forth your hand to bless
A creature stricken timorous and dumb,
Who now regards you with a lover's eyes
And knows that you are merciful and wise.

IV

Now am I Orson to your Valentine
Forever, and I choose it shall be so;
For how should the uncivil briar grow
Germane in nature to the noble vine?
The savage should be servant to the fine;
The falcon fly superior to the crow;
O dear my lord, believe me that I know
How far your virtues have outnumbered mine.

And you have levied final tribute now—
Your chivalry demanding the pretence—
You have constrained your vassal to avow
That we are equals, lest a violence
Be suffered by our love, and so I must
Deny the intrinsic difference in our dust.

V

The little beauty that I was allowed—
The lips new-cut and colored by my sire,
The polished hair, the eyes' perceptive fire—
Has never been enough to make me proud:
For I have moved companioned by a cloud,
And lived indifferent to the blood's desire
Of temporal loveliness in vain attire:
My flesh was but a fresh-embroidered shroud.

Now do I grow indignant at the fate
Which made me so imperfect to compare
With your degree of noble and of fair;
Our elements are the farthest skies apart;
And I enjoin you, ere it is too late,
To stamp your superscription on my heart.

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A Sequence *by* Elinor Wylie

VI

I have believed that I prefer to live
Preoccupied by a Platonic mind;
I have believed me obdurate and blind
To those sharp ecstasies the pulses give:
The clever body five times sensitive
I never have discovered to be kind
As the poor soul, deceived and half-divined,
Whose hopes are water in a witch's sieve.

O now both soul and body are unfit
To apprehend this miracle, my lord!
Not all my senses, striving in accord
With my pure essence, are aware of it
Save as a power remote and exquisite,
Not seen or known, but fervently adored.

VII

Would I might make subliminal my flesh
And so contrive a gentle atmosphere
To comfort you because I am not there;
Or else incorporate and carve afresh
A lady, from the chilly heaven and clear
Which flows around you like a stream of air,
To warm and wind you in her body's mesh.

So would I cherish you a loving twice;
Once in a mist made matter; once again
In my true substance made ethereal:
And yet I cannot succor you at all
Whose letter cries, "My hands are cold as ice,"
The while I kiss the colder air in vain.

VIII

O love, how utterly am I bereaved
By Time, who sucks the honey of our days,
Sets sickle to our Aprils, and betrays
To killing winter all the sun achieved!
Our parted spirits are perplexed and grieved
Severed by cold, and change that never stays;
And what the clock, and what the season says
Is rumor neither valued nor believed.

Thus absence chills us to apparent death
And withers up our virtues, but together
We grow beyond vagaries of the weather
And make a summer of our mingled breath
Wherein we flourish, and forget to know
We must lie murdered by predestined snow.

IX

A subtle spirit has my path attended,
In likeness not a lion but a pard;
And when the arrows flew like hail, and hard,
He licked my wounds, and all my wounds were mended;
And happy I, who walked so well-defended,
With that translucid presence for a guard,
Under a sky reversed and evil-starred;
A woman by an archangel befriended.
Now must I end the knightly servitude
Which made him my preserver, and renounce
That heavenly aid forever and at once;
For it were neither courteous nor good
If we, who are but perishable things,
Should hang another weight between his wings.

X

When I perceive the sable of your hair
Silvered, and deep within those caverns are
Your eyesockets, a double-imaged star,
And your fine substance fretted down by care,
Then do I marvel that a woman dare
Prattle of mortal matters near and far
To one so wounded in demonic war
Against some prince of Sirius or Altair.

How is it possible that this hand of clay,
Though white as porcelain, can contrive a touch
So delicate it shall not hurt too much?
What voice can my invention find to say
So soft, precise, and scrupulous a word
You shall not take it for another sword?

XI

"Before I die, let me be happy here."
The glass of heaven was split, and by that token
I knew the bubble of my heart had broken;
The cool and chaste, the iridiscent sphere,
Filled, in that vernal season of the year,
With sapling's blood, the beechen and the oaken
And the green willow's; when the word was spoken
This innocence did faint and disappear.

So have I lost my only wedding dower,
The veins of spring, enclosed within my heart,
Traced small in silver like a celestial chart;
And I am vanished in the leaf and flower,
Since, at your voice, my body's core and pith
Dissolves in air, and is destroyed forthwith.

XII

In our content, before the autumn came
To shower sallow droppings on the mold,
Sometimes you have permitted me to fold
Your grief in swaddling-bands, and smile to name
Yourself my infant, with an infant's claim
To utmost adoration as of old,
Suckled with kindness, fondled from the cold,
And loved beyond philosophy or shame.

I dreamt I was the mother of a son
Who had deserved a manger for a crib;
Torn from your body, furbished from your rib,
I am the daughter of your skeleton,
Born of your bitter and excessive pain:
I shall not dream you are my child again.

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——Angels and Earthly Creatures, *by* Elinor Wylie

XIII

O mine is Psyche's heavy doom reversed
Who meet at noon, part by diminished light,
But never feel the subtle balm of night
Fall merciful upon a body pierced
By extreme love; and I considered first
That you, a god more prodigally bright
Than the lesser Eros, had enriched my sight,
Made your own morning, and the stars immersed.

But secondly I saw my soul arise
And, in the hushed obscure, presume to creep
Tiptoe upon your spirit laid asleep,
And slant the impious beam across your eyes;
And I believe I have my just deserts
Lacking the shadow of peace upon our hearts.

XIV

My fairer body and perfected spirit
Beyond metempsychosis, and beyond
The faults you must forgive me to be fond,
Are yours in any death that I may merit;
Mortality has wearied us who wear it,
And they are wiser creatures who have shunned
This miry world, this slough of man's despond,
To fortify the skies we shall inherit.

I have entreated you to grant me Time
To memorize the pure appointed task;
Today it is Eternity I ask
In which to learn the lesson of this rhyme;
Its liberal periods are not too wide
To educate me fitly for your bride.

XV

My honored lord, forgive the unruly tongue
That utters blasphemies; forgive the brain
Borne on a whirlwind of unhallowed pain:
Remember only the intrepid song;
The flag defended and the gauntlet flung;
The love that speech can never render plain;
The mind's resolve to turn and strive again;
The fortitude that has endured so long.

My cherished lord, in charity forgive
A starveling hope that may at times desire
To warm its frozen fingers at your fire;
'Tis by such trifles that your lovers live,
And so rise up, and in the starlight cold
Frighten the foxes from your loneliest fold.

XVI

I hereby swear that to uphold your house
I would lay my bones in quick destroying lime
Or turn my flesh to timber for all time;
Cut down my womanhood; lop off the boughs
Of that perpetual ecstasy that grows
From the heart's core; condemn it as a crime
If it be broader than a beam, or climb
Above the stature that your roof allows.

I am not the hearth-stone nor the corner-stone
Within this noble fabric you have builded;
Not by my beauty was its cornice gilded;
Not on my courage were its arches thrown:
My lord adjudged my strength, and set me there;
I bear a little more than I can bear.

XVII

Upon your heart, which is the heart of all
My late discovered earth and early sky,
Give me the dearest privilege to die;
Your pity for the velvet of my pall;
Your patience for my grave's inviolate wall;
And for my passing bell, in passing by,
Your voice itself, diminished to a sigh
Above all other sounds made musical.

Meanwhile I swear to you I am content
To live without a sorrow to my name;
To live triumphant, and to die the same,
Upon the fringes of this continent,
This map of Paradise, this scrap of earth
Whereon you burn like flame upon a hearth.

XVIII

Let us leave talking of angelic hosts
Of nebulæ, and lunar hemispheres,
And what the days, and what the Uranian years
Shall offer us when you and I are ghosts;
Forget the festivals and pentecosts
Of metaphysics, and the lesser fears
Confound us, and seal up our eyes and ears
Like little rivers locked below the frosts.

And let us creep into the smallest room
That any hunted exile has desired
For him and for his love when he was tired;
And sleep oblivious of any doom
Which is beyond our reason to conceive;
And so forget to weep, forget to grieve,
And wake, and touch each other's hands, and turn
Upon a bed of juniper and fern.

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The Sacco and Vanzetti Letters

SACCO and Vanzetti were Italian immigrants, poor men, draft dodgers, pacifists, anarchists. No matter how little attention we had paid to their case we all knew as much as this about them. Many of us had heard also —we could scarcely help hearing—that their fortitude was as unusual as the cruel test it was put to, that, although their hour of death lasted more than six years, this was not long enough to break the spirit of either Vanzetti or Sacco. As equals in fate and in courage they will live in the history of unrightable wrongs.

Their letters ("The Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti," edited by Marian Denman Frankfurter and Gardner Jackson. New York: The Viking Press) show what else they had in common—a love of country sights and sounds and employments, a quickness of response to natural beauty, a good memory for kindnesses done them, a sincerity as remarkable as their endurance. In all other ways the two men were unlike. Vanzetti was a born letter writer. He enjoyed sharing his thoughts and feelings by putting them into the most expressive words he could find. Sacco, simpler, harder to know, less communicative, would have written few letters if he had not had such a strong sense of gratitude. He is always thanking people for writing to him, for presents or messages, for coming to see him in prison. The present he liked best was flowers, and specially "the beautiful cloves and the red black beauty vivid roses" which he speaks of so often. But what he cared for most of all was something nobody could bring him: "It has been past a few days now that I had in my mind to write you a letter and I always try to find some good idea, but it was hard because the sky it has been covered for several day now with full of cloud; and you know that my most beauty idea I find by looking at the clear and blue sky." That was written in Dedham jail, in March, 1924. On July 3, 1927, two days after his removal to the state prison in Charlestown, he begins a letter: "The Sunday was always lonesome and sad at the Dedham Jail —but and yet the little warm of the home made dinner that the dear friends used bring us were of cheer and relieve for our unrest heart, moreover there we could see the green grow, the trees, the beautiful red roses and flowers that the friends used bring us and the beauty blue bright sky of Dedham. But here life buried— where none we can see but four sad wall and a lap of sky that disappear under the wing of a bird, the Sunday is much more lonesome and gloome here than anyelse where."

Sacco is always awake to beauty. He can find it even in a nightmare:

> So Wednesday night I went to sleep with idea to write you at first thing in morning, but when I was into bed I begen to turn this way and the other way and I was try my best to sleep. So after while I fall sleep, enddid I do not know how long I been sleep when I was up again with a terrible dream . . . terrible I said yes, but beauty at same time, and here way it is.

His dream was of a miners' strike, a crowd of strikers, speeches, the coming of soldiers to break up the crowd, and of his own speech to the soldiers:

> So I turn over towards the soldiers and I said, Brothers, you will not fire on your own brothers just because they tell you to fire, no brothers, remember that every one of us we have mother and child, and you know that we fight for freedom which is your freedom. We want one fatherland, one sole, one house, and better bread. So while I was finish to say that last word one of the soldiers fire towards me and the ball past through my heart, and while I was fall on ground with my right hand close to my heart I awake up with sweet dream! So when I was awake I had my right hand still tightly upon my heart like if it was hold back the speed of the beating of my heart.

When we leave Sacco's letters for Vanzetti's we enter a different world, though the same shadow hangs over it. Vanzetti liked to read and to think about his reading. He says, after finishing his first chapter of William James' "Psychology": "I perceive at once to deal with a really great one. . . . I will learn a good deal from this lecture. I feel the fever of knowledge in me." His criticism of "The Rise of American Civilization," though it "may be acid, does not mean that I am not greatly enjoying and learning from the book. I read it in the light of Proudhon; and to my mind, contrary but learned doctrines are salutary." This word "learned," whenever Vanzetti uses it, is a word of high praise, as when he writes in February, 1926, to Mr. Thompson: "And I also hope to understand a little the brave, learned, beautiful fight that you are fighting in our behalfe, paying of it in peace, rest, interest and other universally desired things." Vanzetti is constantly trying to learn. "It is a quarter century," he says in April, 1927, "that I am struggling to dislearn and relearn; to disbelieve and rebelieve; to deny and re-confirm." This particular struggle lasted until late in July, 1927, when he says: "Your book may be very good, and I thank you very much of your promptness to have us delight in its lecture, but I have no more time to read." These words did not mean to Vanzetti when he wrote them quite what they now mean to us. He wanted to spend some of the short time left him upon work for "the cause." He wanted to "finish the long letter on the case to some French Comrades in Paris."

Unlike Sacco, Vanzetti took an active interest in the details of their case. Sometimes he was active, perhaps, merely because he felt that he must not be himself passive when "people have taken the bread out of their children's mouths to help us." Sometimes—it is almost never—because he has a touch of hope that he and Sacco may after all be cleared and freed, "and better, a hundred times better, a foolish hope than a crazy desperation, for all desperations are insane." But such a passage as this is like no other in Vanzetti's letters. A dozen or more might be quoted against it. This is how he answers, in June, 1927, a correspondent who had told him there was no reason to despair: "Victor Hugo said that hope would be the last goddess were not for despair. When one has reason to despair and he despairs not, he may be more abnormal than

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if he would despair." He sounds this note again and again: "So that such hope [of a new trial] is contrary to all reason, knowledge, realities, facts, experiences, criteria and logic. The hope of the doomed." "I cannot understand," he says, "from where and from what are drawn the reasons for your optimism. It may be the effect of my captivity—but to me the world seems all black and tragic."

Other readers of his letters will agree with me that in these words Vanzetti is unjust to himself. Although his captivity gave him such bitter bread to eat, such bitter things to see and to think about, its effect upon his way of looking at these things was slight, miraculously slight. His refusal to be optimistic was due to a desire rooted deep in his nature. He speaks with accurate self-knowledge when he says: "I am not one of those who claim that things are nothing, except what our minds and feelings make them to be. On the contrary, I deem that things are what they are in themselves no matter what we think of them or how we feel toward them." He was an anarchist, he calls himself one of "those anty-marxist socialist who affirm that though economy be a base of life it is not the only," but this other faith went deeper. He recognized the "real help . . . as animators" of "absurd hope, unfounded optimism and confidence," but "life, happiness, health and goodness depend from things which are what and as they are, and not what and as we wish them to be." This desire to be realistic, to be objective, was not weakened but strengthened by his belief in the difficulty of getting his desire. "The truth," he writes, "is what matters. But in this regard too, alas to one who is too sure of possessing it, especially if more than relatively absolutely." A human being "can only be objective according to the very nature of his being." But Vanzetti is objective even where one would least expect to find him so, namely, when speaking of those who are fighting for him and Sacco. He does not lump them together. He discriminates. "I am sorry to say," he tells one of his correspondents, "that the writings of the conservative or of the liberals have shown much more competence, sense of measure and responsibility than those of the more near to me." And he goes on, after mentioning some exceptions to this rule: "Yet, some one of our comrades make big errs and blunders. Thus the truth is spoiled, the seriousness of the case destroyed together with the trustings of the intelligent and impartial readers."

Quotation cannot give even a faint notion of either Vanzetti's letters or Sacco's. Few letters give one such a vivid feeling of being face to face with their writers, of hearing their voices, of touching their hands through the bars. In this century, in this country, in a state not reckoned the blindest, the most malignant, the savagest of our states, or the one most subject to panic, a wrong which can never be righted was done these two innocent men. "Injustice in this world," Mr. Santayana has said, "is not something comparative; the wrong is deep, clear and absolute in each private fate. . . . But ignoring that pain will not prevent its having existed; it must remain for ever to trouble God's omniscience and to be part of that hell which the creation too truly involves."

At the Dedham trial Judge Thayer invited the jury to consider whether the conduct of Sacco and Vanzetti was "evidence tending to prove consciousness of guilt on their part." These letters prove consciousness of innocence. Massachusetts, in the form of prosecuting attorneys, juries, one unjust judge and several other judges, a governor, college presidents, had seven years in which to convince Sacco and Vanzetti that they committed the South Braintree murders. Seven years were not enough. These letters show how completely Massachusetts failed.

I remember how I felt when Governor Fuller appointed the Lowell commission. Of President Stratton I knew nothing, from Judge Grant I expected nothing, but I felt certain that President Lowell would think it dishonorable to judge any cause without mastering it. He would feel this all the more, I did not doubt, if the men to be judged were still strangers in a patriotic land, poor men, draft dodgers, pacifists, believers in a political creed abhorrent to the jury that had found them guilty and to the trial judge. Well, the Lowell report showed me how thoroughly I had misunderstood President Lowell. Yet even now, even with that report in mind, I still do not imagine him reading these letters through without becoming so nearly certain of Sacco and Vanzetti's innocence as to wish that he had thought, in the summer of 1927, their guilt a little doubtful.

W. K. Clifford began his famous essay on "The Ethics of Belief" by telling how a ship-owner sent an emigrant-ship to sea. "Doubts had been suggested to him that possibly she was not seaworthy. These doubts preyed upon his mind and made him unhappy." Clifford tells how these doubts were overcome, how the ship sailed and sank, how crew and emigrants were drowned. He then returns to the ship-owner and asks: "What shall we say of him? Surely this, that he was verily guilty of the death of those men. It is admitted that he did sincerely believe in the soundness of his ship; but the sincerity of his conviction can in no wise help him, because *he had no right to believe on such evidence as was before him.*"

PHILIP LITTELL.

Roles and Acting

PAULINE LORD'S NINA

WITH its new system of sending out road companies in plays from its New York repertoire, the Theater Guild is in a position to do much for acting. More plays are involved that are better worth doing than the general run, and more actors get a chance at them. Several actors may play in the same character, getting better roles themselves and giving other actors, and the public too, a chance to observe a variety of interpretations and methods, and to think more easily upon the relation of player to play.

Except for that brief moment in Clemence Dane's "Mariners" where the wife, consumed by jealousy, comes down the stair in her long morning wrapper and paces back and forth in the room from which she has locked out her husband, and where Miss Pauline Lord gave us such magnificent tragic acting in the realistic method as had not been seen in many years on the American stage, Miss Lord's Nina is the best thing I have seen her do.

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Seeing her after Miss Lynn Fontanne in the part, we might well believe that, if it were not for the tremendous length of "Strange Interlude," this woman of Eugene O'Neill's would take her place alongside of Hedda Gabler as one of the great roles for modern actresses, as Hamlet has served actors the world over for a great classic role. Compared to Hedda Gabler, Nina has more range and depth of feeling, more poignancy and variety of appeal, and is given a more complex impact of life to which she may respond and by which the essence of her being is expressed. She is more universal in the implications of her nature, more like all women, richer in her possibilities. The things that happen to her turn her into a course not common to all women by any means, but at the bottom of her nature, before life had warped and complicated it, is an almost universal variety and richness.

We have been hearing of late seasons that Miss Pauline Lord is the same in every part she plays, and to some extent that is true. But it means much less than it may seem to mean. The great Garrick, according to all accounts, had a mask and a mental endowment that achieved a mobile and inexhaustible variety in his creations that surpassed any actor on record. Among our modern players there have been those in the region of character acting that have seemed capable of many aspects and personalities. And among the fine actors of the Moscow Art Theater there was a transformation, through make-up and characteristic detail, that brought about a surprising change sometimes. But straight acting such as that of Duse or Bernhardt, to take shining examples, has most often shown the player as herself in every role, the same method, the same personality, sometimes altered through the new emotional life created, sometimes entirely familiar, but always Duse, always Bernhardt. What this did to the plays these great artists undertook is quite another matter. But that concerns the discussion of the impurity of the theater art as a medium.

Miss Fontanne gave an admirable performance of the role of Nina. It was well graded, intelligent, technically capable, always entertaining and often moving. It provided a just proportion and lay-out in the play's design and meaning, a right distribution of accent. When you bring Miss Lord into the part, we have a parallel case with that of Miss Katherine Cornell and Miss Peggy Wood in "Candida" a few seasons back. Miss Wood left you with a better conception of what the play meant Candida to be, not a remarkable and special being so much as Woman herself, with her sanity, goodness and intuitions about men and life. Miss Cornell gave us an exquisite being whose presence itself is a miracle working through the human life around her. This changes and particularizes the play. With Miss Lord in the part of Nina something happens that used to happen with Duse: a sudden marvel and difference descends into the character that lifts it somewhat out of the play's design, and that, if the play can stand such a pressure, makes it all the greater, and if not, shows the play up. We can say that such a degree of the personal limits the universality of the character's appeal, narrows it to one special figure. But we can as easily say also that the depth and poignancy of the qualities exhibited have in themselves, freed of the individual herself, their own kind of universality. In one case we may have a better performance of the part in the play; in the other a greater creation in itself.

Miss Pauline Lord's Nina with its frail mordancy and haunting, unescapable rhythm, its darkness and beauty, comes into us most fully at those passages where she turns to the life already gone from her reach, leaving in her the hunger and defeat of it. There is no other player on our stage who could say those words to Gordon, her dead lover, as she can; nobody who could take that speech about the need to have created God in the shape of a woman instead of the Man-God that we have, a speech that in itself might sound cooked-up, perhaps, and a mere bitter phrase in the dramatist's invention, and turn it into such infinite knowledge and pain. There is no other player who could bring into the play such tragic elements, such bite, or so sharp a stain of life.

But the Future?

Any intelligent Englishman coming to these shores for the first time and into our American theaters must be struck, quite overcome indeed, with the amount of what looks like very good acting. In London what he would most likely see would be some English actor turning the thing into character work, striving to achieve the eccentricity and the edge of character detail that will make his performance interesting. If he is good, the result may be excellent. Otherwise what you get is only second-rate character. With us the case is quite different. On stage after stage he sees people who seem perfect in their parts, the breathing image of the person portrayed. Every movement, tone, thread of appearance, is right, and quite inseparable from what must be the truth. This is plainly character acting that is without any sign of laborious craft or any inheritance of methods and tricks; there is no creaking to this machinery as it turns out its perfect and convincing product.

No need here to go into a discussion of the theory of acting and the relation of the actor to the character he plays, the extent to which he is the part and is not the part, and so on. But we may say to the Englishman that he is meeting with a situation that is by no means so perfect as it may seem at first to him, despite the verve and life and vitality, the reality and veracity in this playing that has astonished him. There is a problem indicated that is by no means solved. Many of these people are acting well; the character played suits them closely, is like them in life, they appear as themselves, but, as stars do every day, they transmute these selves of theirs, through their technical medium, into dramatic creations, they project the character in terms of their own qualities and by means of their craft. In a sense, however, many others of these people are not acting at all. They are interesting in themselves perhaps, they fit the character and into the play, they convince us, rest us with their ease and security, know what they are intended to be and to convey. But they are merely themselves—Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart, for example, in "Holiday," a delightful figure on the stage, right in the play, intelligent in what he gives the audience, but, after all, only Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart.

Acting is not an art that can progress of itself; it depends inevitably on the plays that are to be acted. The

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acting condition now holding in our theater is therefore the result of the character of our plays, their relation to the surface of life around us, though this result is heightened, we must add, by the happy heart of democracy, where any of us is good for anything he chooses to follow. In such a state of things it has been easy for actors and directors to take a short cut, decry as hokum and staginess the efforts of the old-school actor, and in the midst of this to forget the fact that the difference between what is acting and what is not acting, however agreeable the effect may be, consists in the conscious comment and projection that the actor gives to every moment that he portrays on the stage. No one can tell infallibly in every instance when this has happened, but that does not affect the truth of the principle.

To apply this point about our present acting, however plausible and good, and the future, we do not have to turn to Shakespeare, Molière or the classics, but merely to such a piece as "The Age of Innocence," the men in "The Age of Innocence," for example. There we see nobody except Mr. Arnold Korff, who is an actor from Continental theaters, that is right in his part. Several players are in the cast who might be good enough if the man they played belonged to the familiar scene of today, a young man about town, a bootlegger, a dope fiend, a lounge lizard or college student. But to move into another atmosphere, to enact manners not seen about us, to wear the clothes, enter a room, undertake passions and graces of another generation, this is quite beyond them—and "The Age of Innocence" presents an epoch not fifty years away.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Elinor Wylie

SIR: To those who care at all for literature, the news of Elinor Wylie's tragic death comes with a shock. It seems impossible that her bright and mercurial figure is no longer among us, that she will delight us no more with the keen precision and stabbing brilliance of that jewelled brain, with "intricate and crystal things." Into a dull and prosaic world she brought something of the pure quintessence of spirit, and with her passing something gallant and brave and beautiful has gone from us.

Princeton, N. J. RICHARD ELY MORSE.

The Woman's Party and the Women's Bureau

SIR: Your editorial in the issue of November 28, on "Women's Equality in Industry," apparently accepts without question the report of the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor on the effect of special labor laws for women as being the last word in "scientific research."

The Woman's party believes the public is entitled to know that the investigation in question was not made by an impartial body, since the Women's Bureau is opposed to equality in industrial legislation and actively promotes labor laws discriminating against women. This Bureau, with its views already fixed, conducted the investigation by sending out investigators favoring special labor laws for women to gather information through private interviews to prove its case. There was no opportunity for those of the opposite view to check up such information, to question the persons interviewed or to ascertain whether such material justified the conclusion reached in the report.

At the beginning of the investigation the Woman's party asked for open hearings in order to give opportunity to those favoring industrial equality to question witnesses and present evidence. It pointed out that testimony offered at an open hearing is given in the presence of many people and forms a part of the record; that information given to an investigator may or may not go into the record, and may appear in a form chosen by the investigator.

The Women's Bureau refused the request for open hearings. The National Woman's party then protested to the Secretary of Labor and others in authority that it would be a waste of government funds to proceed with an investigation so biased and propagandistic in spirit.

The membership of the Woman's party today is largely made up of self-supporting women. Its New York City membership includes 600 or more industrial workers. Many of these workers testified under oath at hearings before the New York State Industrial Survey Commission that existing special labor laws for women act to deny them an equal opportunity with men in earning a livelihood. Their replies to the cross-examination by the Commissioners made it quite evident that their testimony was not "inspired" by anyone.

The New York night-work law for women threw out of work thousands of women who were employed as writers and reporters, printers, proof-readers, etc., in newspaper offices, pharmacists, restaurant workers, elevator operators (except in hotels), workers in mercantile establishments, including drug and candy stores, messengers, and workers on railroads.

The Woman's party believes that the tendency in industry is to dispense with or limit night work, whether for men or women, but claims that, when night work is in operation, an adult woman should have the same right as a man to engage in it if she chooses. It is for her, not for others, to decide whether or not her private arrangements are better served by night work than by day work. That the women affected by these laws agree with this point of view is proved by their efforts to secure exemption from their provisions.

Women printers and other workers in newspaper offices, pharmacists and ticket sellers on railroads have fought for and obtained exemption from the night-work law, although in some cases it took years of sacrifice of their savings and leisure to secure it. Women restaurant workers are now demanding exemption.

Our investigations have revealed that in day as well as night employment, legal restriction of the hours of women, when not applying to men, prevents women from having equal opportunities in securing employment, prevents equal pay, and in many cases prevents women from being hired as executives in mercantile establishments, as all responsible positions require considerable overtime.

The Woman's party does not stand alone in its opposition to special restrictive laws for women. The National Women Lawyers' Association, the National Women's Homeopathic Medical Fraternity, Zonta Club of New York City, and many state branches of the Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs—all organizations of self-supporting women—have gone on record against special labor laws for women, and have declared that all legislation shall be based upon the nature of the work and not upon the sex of the worker.

The Equal Rights amendment sponsored by the Woman's party would not repeal existing labor laws for women. It would, however, require that industrial laws be made to apply to men and women alike. The standards adopted would be left to the states. The standard of equality already exists in some parts of the United States and in other countries.

For example, eight-hour laws for persons, men and women alike,

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in specified occupations, are found in over thirty states. A ten-hour law for persons, men and women alike, in mills, factories and manufacturing establishments, is found in Oregon. This law has been held constitutional by the United States Supreme Court.

Regulation of night work has been applied to men and women alike in Norway. In fact, all of the arguments against night work for women apply equally to men.

Industrial laws when applying to women and not to men are among the gravest discriminations against women. This legislation, with its linking of women with children, instead of with adults, began years ago in the transition stage of women's much-protested invasion of industry. Today, when women are an established and increasingly important part of our economic life, justice requires that legislation concerning them be on the same basis as that for their male competitors.

JANE NORMAN SMITH.
Chairman, National Council,
National Woman's Party.

New York City.

SIR: Mrs. Smith's criticism of the Women's Bureau and its investigation of the effects of labor laws on women's employment opportunities comes as no surprise. Since the investigation was first planned, different members of the National Woman's party have at intervals been making such criticisms in practically identical terms.

As no member of the National Woman's party has been familiar with the methods of investigation which have been followed by the Women's Bureau, and as the final report of the investigation itself has not yet been issued, so that Mrs. Smith has not been able to study the details as they are presented in the report, it seems almost a waste of time and space to discuss the criticisms which she has made. However, for the sake of those who are not familiar with the general facts of the investigation, I am glad of the opportunity to reply to some of her statements.

As far as the impartiality of the study is concerned, the only answer can be reference to the report itself. The methods followed for collecting the material and preparing and presenting the results have been endorsed by the highest technical authorities. Every possible check was applied to the material before the final conclusions were reached. All of the checks are described in full in the report, and much of the original data is presented. The report itself is of a type with which Mrs. Smith apparently is not familiar. It is an objective factual investigation which admits of definite controls and is not dependent upon the personal attitude of the investigator.

The National Woman's party has taken issue chiefly on the grounds that the material was not gathered through public hearings. The reasons for not doing this are obvious to anyone who has been trained in methods of investigation. Another more powerful reason for not holding public hearings is shown by the statement of the representative of the National Women's Trade Union League when she resigned from the advisory committee appointed to assist in planning the scope of the investigation. She said in part, "We refuse . . . to remain longer on committee with National Woman's party in view of latter's impossible demands and intolerable conduct in continued attempts to discredit investigation in advance and by political pressure to coerce Women's Bureau into becoming virtual publicity agent for Woman's party. We asked in good faith for a real investigation of a vital industrial problem affecting millions of working women. That means technical study by experts and by scientific methods. Woman's party, which does not represent working women at all, but women who never had to work for a living, does not want scientific investigation, but public hearings and a forum for its speakers. Working women who advocate labor laws and need them could not testify at public hearings without risk of losing their jobs, thus hearings would not bring out facts, but only one-sided opinion and resulting injustice to working women which we refuse to countenance."

Nevertheless, although it did not conduct public hearings in connection with this investigation, the Women's Bureau, through the courtesy of the Industrial Survey Commission of New York, was able to consult the entire files of the testimony made before that Commission in open hearings. The information given by the members of the National Woman's party as it appeared in that testimony was carefully examined but yielded no data which had not already been considered by the Women's Bureau. The fact that the Industrial Survey Commission, after hearing this testimony, recommended a forty-eight-hour law for women is additional proof that the evidence presented by the National Woman's party in "open hearings" was not so convincing as Mrs. Smith's letter would lead one to suppose.

Mrs. Smith points out that a number of women's organizations have joined the National Woman's party in its opposition to labor legislation for women. What she does not point out is that the members of the National Women Lawyers' Association, the National Women's Homeopathic Medical Fraternity, the Zonta Club and the Federation of Business and Professional Women, are professional women and are not affected by labor legislation.

The effects of night-work legislation is too large a matter to take up in this letter. It is dealt with fully in the report and the instances quoted by Mrs. Smith are considered in great detail. If she will study the report when it is issued she will find that our conclusions agree with hers in some cases, while in others the facts do not bear out her statements.

MARY ANDERSON, Director,
The Women's Bureau.

Washington, D. C.

An Iowan Protests

SIR: To the goodly number of us in Iowa who, although of Republican antecedents, were proud and glad to support Governor Smith in the presidential campaign just past—to those of us who are also old enough to remember past presidential campaigns—Duncan Cassidy's article in the New Republic of November 8 would be mildly amusing if it were not so stupid.

It is true that the majority of Iowans vote the Republican ticket as a matter of course (so they do everywhere in the North, it seems), but plenty of us do not, and to say that the conservatism and intolerance hereabouts is "comparable to nothing which exists outside of Siam or Tibet" shows me that Mr. Cassidy—well, to be as mild as I am able to be—just doesn't know his Iowa.

As the daughter, on both sides, of children of quite typical Iowa pioneers—as one who has always lived here and ought to know the state—I can assure Mr. Cassidy that if he will take the trouble to come out and see us he will discover all the discussion, all the argument he can hope for. The state is anything but dead intellectually; it resounds with that clash of opinion which gives zest to living. In fact, I think I can promise him that if he visits us for several days only, we can teach him never again to write any sort of article based on such palpable ignorance. And that, surely, would be a boon to journalism.

HELEN COWLES LECRON.
Book Editor, the Des Moines Register.

Des Moines, Ia.

Aquinas to Williams

SIR: One is chary of breaking lances with so erudite a theologian as Father E. Boyd Barrett. Yet in his review of Michael Williams' "Catholicism and the Modern Mind," he writes:

"The apogee of Mr. Williams' Modernism is reached when he affirms that the truth, the divine truth of the Catholic Church, is 'unprovable in any ordinary sense of that word.' With this 'new' doctrine, non-Catholics will be in hearty agreement, but no *Roman* Catholic will read it without a sense of horror! Tyrrell and Loisy never went so far—yet it comes from 'the most influential lay-Catholic in America.'" What does Father Barrett say to the following text from the Angelic Doctor's "Summa Theologica" (*Pars* I, *Quaestio* I, *Articulus* viii)?

"Si vero adversarius nihil credat eorum quae divinitus revelantur, non remanet amplius via ad probandum articulos fidei per rationes, sed ad solvendum rationes, si quas inducit contra fidem." (Freely translated: "As for the adversary who believes in none of the divinely revealed things, there remains no other way of *proving* the articles of faith by reasons; one may only remove by reasons whatsoever opposes the faith.")

Was Aquinas also a Modernist?

SUMMERFIELD BALDWIN.

Arlington, Mass.

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The Invert

The Well of Loneliness, by Radclyffe Hall. New York: Covici-Friede. $5.

MISS HALL meets all the specifications of the English novel except humor. Her background is varied —the landscape of the Malvern Hills, seen through passing seasons of frost and sun, among which is situated Morton, the ancestral seat of the Gordons, one of the stately homes of England where English customs, English manners, English sports survive; a brief interlude of the front lines of war; the tropical scenery of Teneriffe, and finally, Paris in its gay and saturnine modernity. Her characters are well understood and honestly presented, especially the Gordons, Sir Philip and Lady Anna with their retainers, who dwell at Morton in the dignity and security of their ancient state. The Paris group, who sustain a melancholy *vie de bohème,* are more a matter of names, make-up and properties. Her pattern of human relations is determined by emotion, the great passion of Stephen, the daughter and heir of the Gordons. Her writing is remarkable for its finish and beauty, especially in the English scenes. And her book has an ostensible purpose—to set forth the tragedy of those who, in consequence of sexual inversion, are deprived of the normal satisfactions of physical life, and then, by the uncomprehending cruelty of society, are driven into social exile. For Stephen Gordon is an invert. The author implies that the extreme desire for male offspring on the part of Sir Philip and Lady Anna resulted in the birth of this girl with the nature of a boy. Sir Philip knows what Stephen is, understands the strange repulsion between mother and daughter, the ineptitude of the girl in the drawing-room over against her daring in the hunting field, and by this understanding father and daughter are bound together in secret alliance. But Sir Philip is inhibited by his race and manners; he dies carrying his secret to his grave; and Stephen storms through life seeking fulfillment, a victim of the passion which she does not understand, which leads her into the valley of humiliation, a wretched love of an unworthy woman, jealousy, deceit, discovery, and banishment from Morton to save the honor of the Gordons. She writes her way to a certain position in the world; and ambulance service wins her the *croix de guerre* and a love of which no one will deny the beauty. Then, according to the best English tradition, the story ends in renunciation.

Altogether "The Well of Loneliness" is a novel of unusual power, distinction and charm, thoroughly English in quality except for the fact that its emotional energy is abnormal. The homosexual theme is common today in Continental fiction. The English-reading public accepts Gide and Proust with a certain complacent wonder—"How different from the home life of our own dear Queen," etc. But Miss Hall offers a challenge which must be met because it is an appeal against the injustice and cruelty of society—an appeal which it is the glory of English fiction to have made from generation to generation.

The English meet the challenge in characteristic fashion. They suppress the book, and thereby endorse its social significance. In view of the prosecution of "The Captive," it may be doubted whether the novel will escape in this country. But in any case, the question cannot be evaded. It appears, as such questions always do to the Anglo-Saxon mind, in two forms, a question of art and one of morals. As to the first, it may perhaps be admitted that the enrichment of English fiction and drama from the homosexual theme will not be important. Undoubtedly at periods when literature suffers from lassitude, when the old situations and relations have been worked out beyond the range of variation, there is a tendency to seek for novelty in the abnormal. The romantic impulse to escape from the commonplaces of the socialized world finds expression in forbidden forms of behavior. The frequency of the incest theme in the late Elizabethan drama, as well as its recrudescence in the Romantic revival, may be attributed to this impulse. The homosexual theme may have no longer or more continuous interest in English literature than incest. Granted that the number of sexual inverts has been greatly underestimated, that, as Miss Hall thinks, the number is increasing, still the majority to whom the novel and the play appeal find the homosexual theme dull. They are interested in perversions of another sort. Mr. Aldous Huxley has lately remarked:

> The instinct of acquisitiveness has more perverts, I believe, than the instinct of sex. At any rate, people seem to me odder about money than about even their amours. Such amazing meannesses as one's always coming across, particularly among the rich. Such fantastic extravagances, too. Both qualities, often, in the same person. And then the hoarders, the grubbers, the people who are entirely and almost unceasingly preoccupied with money. Nobody's unceasingly preoccupied with sex in the same way—I suppose because there's a physiological satisfaction possible in sexual matters, while there's none where money's concerned.

But the moral question remains of the right and the power of society to protect itself against the invert by censorship of art and ostracism of person. The theory is that the normal must be kept from knowledge of the invert lest the latter infect the former. Undoubtedly there is something to be said for this view, though the works which have treated the subject, Proust's "Sodome et Gomorrhe," Gide's "The Counterfeiters," and Bourdet's "The Captive," can hardly be described as propaganda for the homosexual way of life; and over "The Well of Loneliness" broods a persistent and deepening sadness. But it is the impossibility of maintaining a censorship against knowledge of any kind, however likely it may be to do injury to what the guardians of society describe as its best interests, which is the decisive factor. An intellectual quarantine, a moral *"cordon sanitaire"* is futile. In every instance it defeats itself. The most certain and the most dangerous way to advertise any practice regarded as unsocial is organized interference. If the invert is increasing in numbers, and becoming more prominent in the intellectual and esthetic experience of the world, then society will have to learn to live with this as with other forms of heresy. Miss Hall's book sets forth the tragedy of the invert, in all relations of life. If to some her presentation seems exaggerated, it will be recognized that overemphasis is the usual fault of the novelist of purpose, and in any case it relieves her book from any suggestion of temptation.

"The Well of Loneliness" is a plea to society for the rights of the individual, an argument to show that the worst results to both individual and society spring from a social attitude of ignorance and repulsion. And Miss Hall's treatment of her subject, serious, honest and dignified, is a challenge to the crude mind of a class which sees no solution of social problems except prohibition and censorship.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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The Skepticism of Bertrand Russell

Sceptical Essays, by Bertrand Russell. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 256 pages. $2.50.

THESE seventeen essays once again give evidence of Mr. Russell's incisive mind, freedom of outlook, and splendid lucidity of style. Their content is just about what we might expect from an acquaintance with the previous writings of that part of the philosopher which is a publicist. Only one of the essays, an excellent survey of philosophy in the twentieth century, is in any sense technical, and that is only mildly so. The rest of them discourse clearly, sometimes entertainingly, always simply, on such topics as the temper of science, rationalism, the machine age, values, ideals of happiness, freedom of thought, the stupidities of politics, the probabilities on the cultural horizon of tomorrow.

In short, we have a logician and a mathematical philosopher of the highest rank turning his restless mind to the maddening human scene to which he too must somehow reconcile himself. Again and again Mr. Russell takes a deep breath, that he may for the moment hold back the weariness and disillusionment which somehow manage none the less to seep through the words of his message. Again and again he advances, innocently but firmly, to his fellow man and stares him gently out of countenance while he analyzes out for him the elementary concepts which—so he says—are packed into and distorted in the shibboleths on which man feeds. And again and again Mr. Russell assures his listener, with such hopefulness as he can still muster, that all may yet turn out for the best, provided—

Here is a sample of Mr. Russell's "provided": "There are two simple principles which, if they were adopted, would solve almost all social problems. The first is that education should have for one of its aims to teach people only to believe propositions when there is some reason to think that they are true. The second is that jobs should be given solely for fitness to do the work." Behind the sweet reasonableness of the proposal to adopt two such "simple principles" as these lurks something which one distrusts a little. To be frank, the patience of Mr. Russell seems a little taut, a little dangerous.

We lay down the book with wonder that we are not more deeply stirred by its sincerity and by its spirit of fair play. This deplorable world in which Mr. Russell is so able to spot weaknesses which he is so willing to help remedy is surely the same old world that we knew all along was far from perfect, but which, being the field of our loves and hatreds, we had decided to continue to live in. Yet it is hard to make up one's mind to continue to live in the world of these "Skeptical Essays." Even after it has been revised by the application of two simple principles, it remains too simply unreal. We have the premonition that in this world no propositions are going to be proved to be true anyway, and as for jobs being distributed to the fit, we have a sinking feeling at the heart that we, at least, will have to remain jobless.

On second thoughts we wonder if the two worlds that we had identified are even potentially the same, and whether, after all, Mr. Russell hasn't really been asking us to trek to a nicer world than any we know—a world in which concepts stay put and in which, for our daily bread, we build unassailable propositions out of them. The incidental leisure which such a world gives in abundance could be used for doing what we jolly well pleased. We could produce art, which Mr. Russell thinks to be a form of love, we could have two husbands, or two wives, we could do or have anything, in fact, which the slightly jaded intellectual faculty, craving a release of tension, might ask of a high Polynesia that is built on the unshakeable coral reef of Science.

We begin to resent, in other words, that subtle dissociation which the pure intellectualist is always effecting between life and his dream of life. The aloofness of which such an intelligence as Bertrand Russell's is sometimes accused is by no means the aloofness of noble indifference, which can always be forgiven as a form of naïveté, nor is it the aloofness of a truly dispassionate analysis, which can smart without rankling. We do not see the eyes of Mr. Russell fixed in loving abstraction on the stars, nor fixed on ourselves with a "savage indignation." We see them fixed, rather, in a not wholly serious bemusement on a static world of mirror images. In his "Time and Western Man," a huge and admirable pamphlet, Mr. Wyndham Lewis finds Mr. Russell's mind absorbingly interesting but fundamentally lacking in seriousness. He finds Mr. Russell's philosophy to be essentially a craving for "amusement." It is likely that Mr. Lewis, one of the most deadly and intuitive intelligences of our day, has hit clean to the mark. Though Mr. Russell speaks often of the importance of love and art and the "finer things" of life, these have with him nearly always an air of not being truly life itself, but rather, a splendid toying around in those moments of relaxation that make life's (or philosophy's or justice's) rigors livable. He seems not sufficiently to love what he hates to make his hatred salutary. His charity is too cosmic to touch us, too remote to discover for us the virtues of our defects. And so his skeptical thoughts glance by us like meteors that bring but cold and momentary illuminations.

EDWARD SAPIR.

Ahab and Santo Domingo

Naboth's Vineyard: The Dominican Republic, 1844-1924, by Sumner Welles. New York: Payson and Clarke, Ltd. Two vols. 1,058 pages. $7.50.

THIS would be an excellent book for President-elect Hoover to have taken with him on his "good-will" excursion to Latin America. He would do well to read carefully its one thousand pages, as he slips down the coasts of Central and South America, in order to have a meticulous reminder of what our policy has been in the past toward our weaker neighbors to the South, and, for that matter, is today in Haiti. As an exhibit of vacillating policy, of ignorant and unsympathetic diplomacy—in short, of how not to do it—Mr. Sumner Welles' account of the past eighty years in Santo Domingo could not be surpassed. One gathers that is the author's main purpose in treating the subject. It is not in any sense a history of the Dominican people, even since the middle of the last century: they are hardly mentioned in the interminable recital of petty revolutions and still pettier international bickerings. Although in a preliminary chapter Mr. Welles gives an outline of affairs in the republic from the servile revolution at the close of the eighteenth century to 1844, no authorities are cited for any statement, and nowhere in the two volumes is there an adequate account of the racial admixture in the island. It is evident that Mr.

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Welles (like most agents of the United States in the Caribbean field) is prejudiced against the Negro: his recital of the atrocities of the servile revolution and his remarks about Haiti indicate clearly his attitude. He assumes that whatever chance civilization in these backward countries may have rests in their white blood, which is a very large assumption. England alone, of all the great nations who have played the bully in the Caribbean, seems to have any realization of the rights and possibilities of the colored peoples who constitute at least four-fifths of their population.

Santo Domingo, aside from her fertile soil and other natural resources, possesses in Samaná Bay, at the eastern end of the island, one of the great harbors of the world, large enough for any navy and easily fortified. That, like the poor girl's pretty face, has been her undoing, attracting the covetous eyes of France, Spain, and the United States, since Santo Domingo first gained her independence. It has been the prize which unprincipled presidents and greedy generals have dangled before foreign statesmen and bankers, which from time to time they have pledged against "advances" and "loans" of a few million dollars; the leasing of this naval base by the United States in Grant's administration was thwarted only by Senator Sumner's exposure of the cheap graft accompanying it. Since the Spanish-American War the United States has served notice to European bidders that Samaná Bay is our reservation. In spite of repeated assertions of our entire disinterestedness and unwillingness to alienate Dominican territory, it is safe to say that the dream of Samaná Bay still haunts the Navy Department at Washington, and that, if the big-navy men and the entire preparedness crew get the upper hand in the next Congress, we shall see the resurrection of the scheme to "lease" Samaná Bay and its environs for "ninety-nine" years. If Roosevelt grabbed Panama and today we are benevolently directing the destinies of Nicaragua, why should we not "control" this important naval base as "protection" for the Canal? The technique of our *modus operandi* has improved since the days of Seward, Knox and Bryan; we send less illiterate representatives to these small republics, so that when the time comes, no doubt we shall be offered Samaná Bay by a unanimous "plebiscite" of a grateful people! It is interesting to remember that it was within Samaná Bay, at a spot still known as the "Bay of Arrows," that the Spaniards under Columbus first came to blows with the peaceful Indians; also near by was the settlement of freed Negroes from the United States, who at the invitation of a Negro president of Haiti were sent by American philanthropists to find a haven of refuge, and whose descendants today refer to themselves as "Amricuns" in good Virginian English.

The story of this little Caribbean republic is as typical as anything could be of the process of imperialism. First step, of course, is government loans contracted for by irresponsible politicians, mostly to be squandered among their partisans; next, a "bond-holders' committee" seeking to recover on defaulted bonds; and finally, political intervention by way of establishing a customs' receivership, etc. Mr. Welles illustrates this latter phase with plentiful documentation, having had access to all the papers in our State Department. Although he is scrupulous in exposing the folly and the maladroitness of our dealings with Santo Domingo which led to a military intervention, and impartial in assigning blame as well as praise in the conduct of our various officials, and although he seems fully conscious of the evil of the system in general, shown especially in his final chapter of conclusions, he seems quite unaware of the one obvious axiom at the root of the matter. And that is, that the collection of private debts is no part of the business of any government. If the United States had firmly established that principle on the American continent, both for her own people and for European nations, there would have been in the first place fewer bad debts to collect, and as a corollary much less ill will toward this country throughout the western hemisphere. The argument of "development" is shown in the case of Santo Domingo to be largely bunk. How much of all the money borrowed by her various governments ever went into any productive enterprise? When a settlement was finally made of all claims, it was on the basis of about fifty cents on the dollar, and one suspects that most of the millions allowed represent private graft. Moreover, in Cuba and Haiti and Mexico, American capital is not finding "development of natural resources" as profitable as expected. Perhaps in that fact lies the real hope of freedom for our weak neighbors in the Caribbean and Central America, rather than in our improved manners and diplomatic technique. As Mr. Welles points out, if we really want to help these less developed countries, we must lower our tariff wall and give them a better market for their raw products.

There is an ample bibliography of American and local publications on Santo Domingo. But Mr. Welles complacently states that, not having had occasion to consult any European authorities on the island, he has not included them in his bibliography. Perhaps it is as well: what we have is the undiluted record of Latin-American diplomacy by a former member of our State Department. Someone else will write the later history of Hispaniola, Columbus' first considerable discovery in the western world.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Pagan and Christian

Founders of the Middle Ages, by Edward Kennard Rand. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 365 pages. $4.

THIS is an illuminating and delightful book. Its eight chapters were originally delivered as lectures before the Lowell Institute of Boston in 1928. "They are here reproduced," the author says, "substantially as they were delivered." There is added, however, a body of notes, bibliographical and illustrative.

Addressing himself, not to specialists, but to a general if superior audience, Professor Rand tempers the wind of his learning by anecdote and humor. Especially, he allows his gentle irony play in certain contrasts in education and culture between the so-called Dark Ages and our own—reminding one in this of the witty brochure on the "Dark Ages" of his colleague, Professor C. H. Grandgent.

It should not be inferred, however, that Professor Rand's book is merely a set of "popular" lectures. *Absit omen!* On the contrary, though his touch is light, his substance is weighty. The main issue of the period with which he deals is that between Christian discipline and Pagan culture. His "founders"—notably St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, the poet Prudentius—are for him in effect those who resolved this issue, not by casting out Pagan culture—as St. Jerome, for instance, advised—but by accommodating it to Christianity. The thesis is, of course, not new, but it is developed anew with a sympathetic understanding and an artistic sureness of touch

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rare indeed. Also, by deft strokes of portraiture, the human personalities of these great men are suggestively opened to us. Especially vivid is the portrait of the enigmatic Jerome, Ciceronian humanist and ascetic saint, of mystic fervor and acid tongue.

Professor Rand points with pride to the recent progress of medieval studies in America. Certainly, American scholarship—and letters—may be proud of this latest contribution to those studies. It is a worthy companion—and essential prelude—to H. O. Taylor's "The Medieval Mind." The two together offer a bridge of light from antiquity to modernity.

JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER.

There Is Hope

Whither Mankind, A Panorama of Modern Civilization, edited by Charles A. Beard. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 408 pages. $3.

THROUGH the generations past, when some disillusioned soul wanted to pass judgment on the civilization in which he lived and moved and had his being, he imagined he was an Indian *(genus Americanus)*, a Persian or a Chinaman, and from that vantage of remoteness and aliency spoke his sentences. Such documents as "The Child of Nature," "Persian Letters," "Letters of a Chinese Official," testify to the mood and attitude so implied. Later, these territories were felt to be too near. Judges got off the earth altogether, and the height of detachment and impartiality was attained by assuming a mental posture for "a visitor from Mars." Voltaire had also seen the earth as other stars see us, but his Micromegas was not a contagious model; the genuine prototype of "the visitor from Mars" was the official from China. It is not so long ago that a modern as utter as Bertrand Russell condemned the machine age in the light of a spacious and gracious *chinoiserie*. Mr. Beard's book marks the beginning of the end of this sort of thing. Hereafter nothing on earth remote in space or time or both can afford an effective vantage-point for a judgment of western civilization. All that is and that will be is now implicated in the intentions and processes of this civilization, and if a judgment is to be passed at all, the standpoint will need in fact to be a starry one or in the human heart itself.

The symbol and portent of this change is the essay by Dr. Hu Shih. Dr. Hu does at last what I have long wished that some Oriental would have the insight to recognize and the courage to declare. Dr. Hu Shih has discerned that what is called the "spirituality" of the East is in fact a confession of failure. Defeated by the variegated forces of matter, the eastern mind compensates itself by taking refuge in an imagined world of the immaterial in which it says it is safe and free and happy, while in fact it is the slave of famine, disease and sudden death, the bondman of superstition and ignorance and misery, and all its life is a struggle without courage, and its dying a defeat without repose. Dr. Hu acknowledges and declares that the western mastery of matter, in the form of science and machinery, is the real spirituality; that the masses of men in Europe and America are freer, happier and safer, on the whole and in the long run, than the masses in Asia, and that they are so because, in fact, western "materialism" is the spiritualization of matter, eastern spirituality is a compensatory escape from matter unconquered, unhumanized. Bravo, Dr. Hu Shih! May your gospel spread in the East, until East faces West on equal terms!

Much of the rest of the book is a validation of this gospel. For it is acknowledged that Europe before machinery was like the present-day Orient. And the argument of the book is that the men of the machine age are better off than their pre-industrial ancestors: this is the burden of Hendrik Van Loon's bright sayings. Dr. C. E. A. Winslow shows that their health is better and their lives are longer; Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, that they get more for their labor in food and clothing and shelter and freedom; even in art, Mr. Lewis Mumford reluctantly admits; and in sports and play, Mr. Stuart Chase proves. While as for business and literature and education—these, according to the arguments of Dr. Julius Klein, Mr. Carl Van Doren and Mr. Everett Dean Martin, have been enormously stimulated and expanded. At the same time, government, Mr. Howard McBain shows, has become more democratized and more humane and technological (where it used to be merely political), and the family remains not only unshaken amid change, but, so Havelock Ellis argues, because of the spread of knowledge and the liberation of women, securer than ever in its foundations. Of course, there is always the threat of war to destroy these winnings, and Emil Ludwig argues eloquently and beautifully in behalf of keeping the peace; and there is the danger that traditional religion will retard us, and Mr. James Harvey Robinson declares his faith that religion recedes as science and industry advance. Science gives us power over nature; if it tends to dissipate the hope of understanding the universe, declares Bertrand Russell, the machine tends to bring us closer to ultimate truth about it. Such truth is as the pragmatist describes it, not as the absolutist desires it. The use of such truth, George Dorsey argues emphatically, is not the special privilege of any one race or color, even if there were such; it is the contribution of each to all, and all to each.

Of course, the journey by means of science and machinery isn't all beer and skittles. From the day these began there have appeared Cassandras, singly and in droves, prophesying disaster. Mr. Beard's mind is especially on Spengler, and he mentions such nitwits as Chesterton and Belloc. But he might have begun with Carlyle, and referred on the way to Edward Carpenter, and counted among them from the members of his own company, besides others, the outstanding figures of Bertrand Russell and Beatrice and Sidney Webb. The Webbs, indeed, not so long ago wrote a "Decline of Capitalist Civilization" that could have stood well with Spengler and Carlyle. In fact, the rise and fall of mood since the War has been registered by a cycle of summings-up, beginning with the high hopefulness of the "reconstruction" period and Wells' "Outline," dropping then into the Spenglerian depths, and the not entirely unsadistic depression of the Thirty against Civilization in the United States, and now emerging in the somewhat sobered exaltation of "Whither Mankind."

The optimism of this book is tempered. Evils are recognized. But, it is insisted, they are not inherent in the modern system. They are incidental to the readjustment it compels. The evils are transitional, the goods lasting. As John Dewey reaffirms in his discussion of Philosophy, the customs and habits of men, in thought no less than in conduct, have been adjustments to a world of institutional orders that science and machinery have displaced and shoved away. In many respects we continue to think and to conduct ourselves with tools which can't take hold of the actualities they should apply to. We are like a motor car with the wheels turning on no ground; they go round, but don't

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carry us forward. Hence our vision looks backward, our ideals are compensatory, our desires are half frustrated by our achievements. As it is impossible to change practice to fit ideals, it becomes necessary to change ideals and standards so that they will be congenial to and have root in the new actuality. Education suffers, Mr. Martin says, from the same discrepancy as philosophy. And in such discrepancies is the rub of modern civilization.

The Cassandras insist that they are inevitable and permanent, and that civilization is bad and growing worse. The company of prophets led by Mr. Beard declare that the rub is a passing show, that as we better understand the new world of our making it will realize for us more fully the old world of our desire; that we *are* better off than our ancestors, and with due courage, labor and intelligence, our descendants are quite likely to be better off than we—more socialized yet freer, and probably happier. In the words of the immortal Dr. Munyon, "There is hope," Spengler *et al* to the contrary notwithstanding.

H. M. Kallen.

The Modern School and Our Present Culture

The Child-Centered School, by Harold Rugg and Ann Shumaker. New York: The World Book Company. 358 pages. $2.40.

THE BOOKS on the techniques and aims of progressive education have largely taken the form either of casual retrospection or wishful thinking. The present volume is a welcome and valuable exception. Its authors set themselves the task of a critical estimate of the success of the revolutionary schools in attaining tolerant understanding and creative self-expression, and their argument is that neither is adequately achieved.

The orientation of education about the child's interest is quite apt to disregard the fact that, after all, the end-point of the educational process is adjustment to adult society. Mr. Rugg and Miss Shumaker feel that the experimental school fails to train in critical intelligence, in those estimates, appreciations and generalizations of the intellectual life which are essential to either understanding or direction of the problems presented by modern cultures. And they likewise feel that on the point of the intuitive life and its many channels of expression in the experimental school, paint or words or music, there is a failure to understand the true esthetic of the creative act. In this act, beyond the urge for expression, the flash of insight, the struggle with materials, there is the fourth step of patiently re-working, re-organizing, pruning, balancing:

> Now the schools may take warning from the artist's problem. Those, on the one hand, which make children into merely listeners produce mental as well as artistic stagnates. Conversely, the schools which forget to insist on the individual's highest possible realization rather than mere successful realization are merely producing dabblers, triflers, witty surface-scrapers of life. Out of such cannot come the moving force to live life and remake it in the living. . . . The higher aims may be conceived by the embryo artist only as he develops a meticulous conscience toward the prior half-way aims of the immaturity he ruthlessly leaves behind. Doing a thing as well as one possibly can do it is the essential guarantee of true creative growth.

It is most fortunate that this critique is not marred by failure to understand the importance in the child's emotional life of the expression in materials through which his power sense is developed and oriented, and that this and not the product is the important thing. Increasingly there is developing a consciousness that the central problem of the educational process is one of an adequate esthetic. Of this consciousness no clearer articulation has been made than that of this book.

Jean B. Temple.

From Stone Hammers to Iron Swords

Our Prehistoric Ancestors, by Herdman Fitzgerald Cleland. New York: Coward-McCann. 379 pages. $5.

"OUR PREHISTORIC ANCESTORS," by Herdman Fitzgerald Cleland, is a Baedeker to the early history of man from the Old Stone Age through the Second Age of Iron, when the Roman conquests put an end to Celtic culture and the isolation of northern Europe. Although the author is professor of geology at Williams College, he has placed little emphasis on the geological or zoölogical backgrounds of the periods he discusses. Instead he stresses the material culture—industries, hunting, fishing, agriculture, habitations, clothing, and the life and religion of prehistoric peoples in so far as they can be deduced from such tangible evidence as archeological excavations. After reading many prehistoric enthusiasts who have given unbridled play to their imagination in an attempt to "restore" for us the life of our dawn-age forbears, it is refreshing to turn to Professor Cleland, who soberly limits himself to a clean-cut outline of the life of primitive man from a study of authentic discoveries.

Great emphasis is placed on the Neolithic period by the author, who is justly of the opinion that it was "the most important chapter in the whole history of man." Neolithic man invented agriculture and pottery, domesticated animals, learned to spin and reflected on life after death. Modern man, with his aeroplanes and radios, has only elaborated on inventions which provided hunger-and-soul-satisfying necessities. His ancestors were much too busy searching edible berries, hunting with stone celts set into deer-horn handles and scraping hides to clothe themselves in winter, to mind their neighbors' business. Consequently, in spite of their flint hand-axes and stone hammers, they did not get into as much mischief as our contemporaries.

Until the discovery of copper and the invention of bronze made people greedy to obtain prized ores and send out expeditions for plunder and commerce, there was little incentive to the development of war. One of the most illuminating sections of the book is the description of prehistoric trade routes in Europe—along the sea-coasts and up and down the river highways for amber and bronze, for copper and tin, for salt and gold. The serpent did not tempt Eve with an apple, but with amber and metals.

As the author says, "We can probably learn a great deal about the life of the people of prehistoric times by a study of the life of the common people of 1000 A. D., that is, before modern commerce and trade were well developed."

Sigrid Undset's remarkable trilogy, "Kristin Lavransdätter," does precisely this thing for Norway of the late thirteenth and early fourteenth century. The people who

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move so vividly across her pages are inspired by the same elemental motives of hunger and love as they are today. A novelist like Sigrid Undset, who combines a knowledge of archeology with intuitive vision, could breathe animation into the bald, clean outlines of "Our Prehistoric Ancestors."

ELSIE WEIL.

Thunder and Blood

The Shadowy Thing, by H. B. Drake. New York: Macy-Masius. $2.

Not At Night. Edited, and with an Introduction, by Herbert Asbury. New York: Macy-Masius. $2.

The Passion of the Beast, by Joseph Lamarre. Boston: The Stratford Company. $2.

IT IS extraordinary how few stories of horror there are that rise above the lowly level of the penny dreadful. It is a type of fiction which has attracted more than one writer of genius. Most of these attempts, however, have resulted in imitation-horror, grotesque travesties on the universal nightmare-fears. Inventiveness counts for little in such tales: the most effective spook-stories always have their foundations in legend. Bram Stoker's "Dracula" is a perennial example.

And "Dracula" is still supreme in its field. Every now and then a publisher announces that "Dracula" is about to be superseded; but the day has not yet dawned. "The Shadowy Thing" is the latest claimant, but its claim will have to be disallowed. Mr. Drake has made the fatal mistake of introducing spiritualism seriously—and spiritualism is generally regarded, rightly or not, as a semi-humorous subject. The author further handicaps himself by laying the scene of the story in a midland county of England. He keeps his arch-fiend off-stage throughout, and this device helps to recapture a little of the vague fearfulness which his too-great forthrightness has sacrificed; but the atmosphere of pervasive dread is never quite established. The most impressionable reader will not lose much sleep on account of this all-too-shadowy Thing.

"Not At Night" is a collection of twenty-five tales of horror, some of which might please a ghoulish reader, if he were able to forget the unnecessary and damaging introduction by Mr. Herbert Asbury, who tells, in a kittenish manner, the tricks of the hack-writer of *horribilia*. Mr. Asbury's own taste in this kind of literature, to judge by his "Devil of Pei-Ling," is low. Most of the writing in the present collection is as horrible as the plots. The endings are apt to be of this variety: " 'We were too strong for him, darling. Love, that's the difference. Thank God, you came in time!' " One poor gentleman, surrounded by vampires, has time to write the following (and two paragraphs more) in his diary, before They get him: "The baronet is moving forward. His mordacious propinquity casts a reviling sensation of obscenity about me."

In "The Passion of the Beast" is unfolded the pathetic love-story of a gorilla. Mr. Lamarre handles the introductory part of his story very well, so that until we are confronted with the Beast we are in a lively sweat of dreadful anticipation. But in a story, at least, it is possible to grow accustomed to a gorilla's company, and it loses some of its fearful fascination as we proceed. In fact, by the end of the book we are fully in sympathy with the poor ape, and against his human enemies; and even the biased author cannot refrain from giving him a good curtain—when the great animal lies dying, and crawls to the beloved Yvonne, and licks her hand, there is not a dry eye in the crowd.

After you have read the books mentioned above, it is not hard to see why this particular department of letters is not at present in very good standing. More's the pity; for it has been, and could be. T. S. MATTHEWS.

Con Amore

Hedylus, by H. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 185 pages. $4.50.

STARK, Greek, intractable," to use the author's own phrase, is this sharply etched tale of a mother and son. A tale in which one feels, as in the stories in H. D.'s "Palimpsest," that no character ever actually reaches another character in any complete or even satisfactory understanding. Again, as in "Palimpsest," the prose is pure poetry: precision of word and phrase, however meticulous, only emphasizes the endless overtones of implication and rhythm of each.

Expressionism at its finest dwells as unmistakably in the concluding chapters of "Hedylus" as it did in the last half of "Murex"; and again its material is a thwarted woman in middle age. The portrait is more intimate than those of Dorothy Richardson; more moving, more authentic, and more profound than those of Virginia Woolf. In "Murex" the woman was thwarted by another woman and by her husband's shortcomings; in "Hedylus" the woman is thwarted by her own indecision, by her son, by her advancing age, by her environment, and—most of all—by the indefiniteness of her own aim.

And "Hedylus," like its precursor "Palimpsest," emphasizes the fact that nowhere in contemporary English prose fiction is there any prose more exquisite than that of H. D.; and that nowhere in English prose fiction are human emotions and experiences more immaculately reproduced. WALTER F. KOHN.

Contributors

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JOHN HANNA is a lawyer who was at one time a student in in the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. He was lecturer on Investments for several years in an Eastern college.

ELINOR WYLIE, whose tragic death occurred on December 16, is, of course, well known to readers of the New Republic, of which she had been a contributing editor since 1926. This sonnet sequence, "Angels and Earthly Creatures," will be part of the contents of a volume to be published under the same name in the near future by Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

EDWARD SAPIR is associate professor of Anthropology at the University of Chicago.

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